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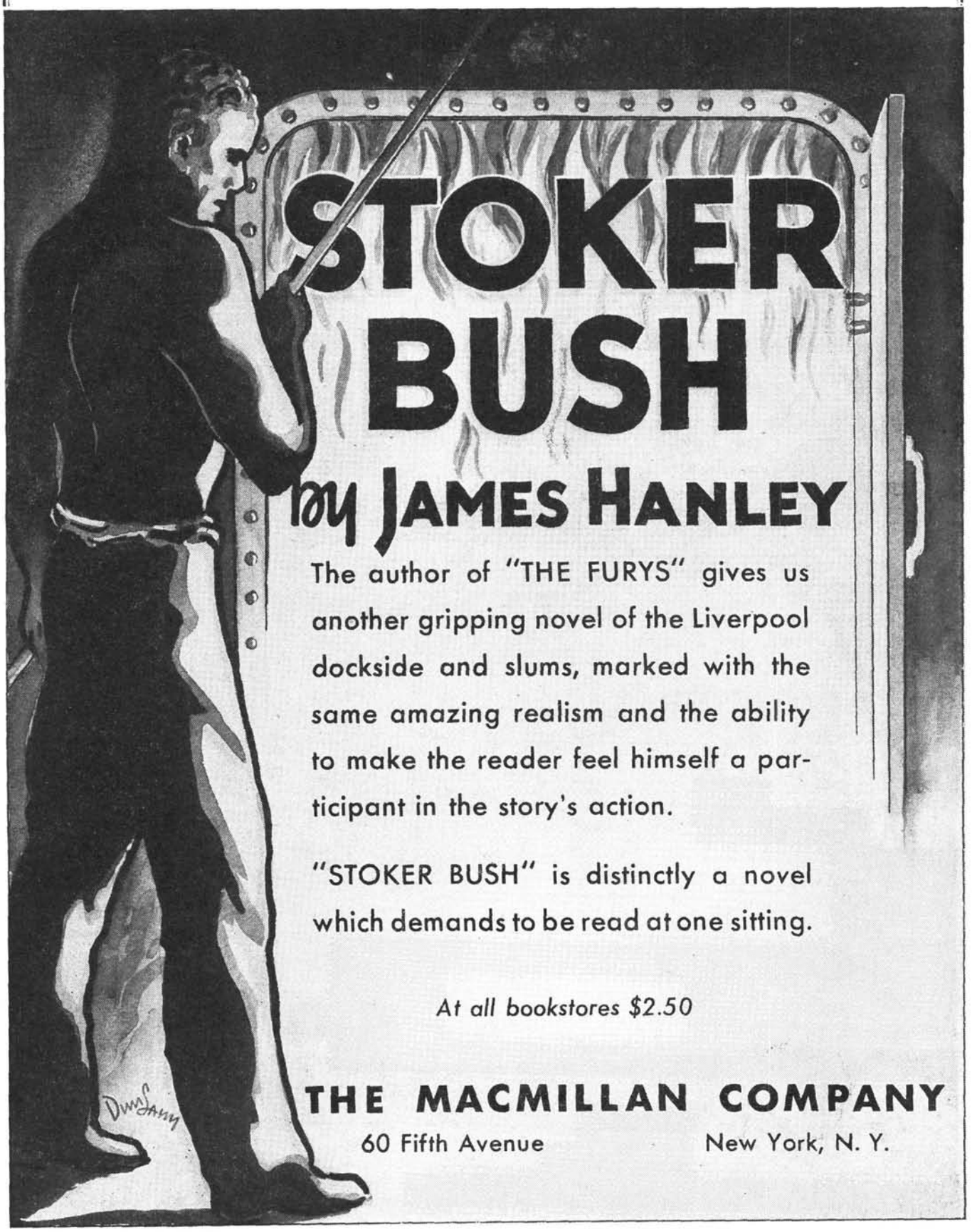
"James Hanley has made good his secure place in the forefront of present-day novelists."

—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT



STOKER BUSH

by JAMES HANLEY

The author of "THE FURYS" gives us another gripping novel of the Liverpool dockside and slums, marked with the same amazing realism and the ability to make the reader feel himself a participant in the story's action.

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The Rise and Fall of Symbolism

BY BERNARD FAŸ

BERNARD FAŸ

PEOPLE seem to enjoy pain more than pleasure, shame more than glory. At any rate they are more consistently looking for them, and more fortunate in their quest. Audiences like unhappy endings; they give them a deeper thrill. We like to think of our lives and times as great disasters.

But sometimes I wonder if it would not be fun to think of our times and lives as superb achievements. I don't mean simply air-conditioned cars. I mean the real thing that is our life and our time—our dreams, our thoughts, our personal selves.

And I believe that our times have been a great success. I was impressed by that this year, reading in the newspapers that Miss Stein after three decades of obscurity had come back to America to prove quite successfully that "a rose is a rose"; and that M. Claudel after visiting China, Japan, Hamburg, Rio de Janeiro, Washington, and Brussels had returned to his native country and proved that a poet is a poet—and not an Academician. Indeed, the crusade of modern poetry is at an end, and has been a success.

It is finished. In Paris the Surrealist poets have stopped their magazines; some have married, some have gone into the Communist Party, some have withdrawn from society. The show is over. M. Valéry, the great poet of the Cubist era, has become head of a university in Southern France and devoted the best part of his winter to writing lovely essays on mineral waters for some new spas that were being launched in France. In America the *Dial* is buried, *Pagany* is dead; gone are *Broom, Blues, The Transatlantic Review, The Hound and Horn.* Mr. Cummings writes about Uncle Tom's Cabin and Mr. MacLeish is interested in politics. Hemingway kills big beasts, and Sherwood Anderson studies economics. It is truly the end of an era.

Every day brings the end of a day, but not every day brings the end of an era. We do not see the difference, because we have never been told exactly what an era is.

We have just been through a very fine era; few people knew it, and as they were gourmets, as they wanted to keep the era for themselves, they did not speak too much of it. (An era is never meant to be for all living men, but only for those men who live fully; otherwise there would not be enough eras, they would get crowded and be debased.) The one that has just finished was, like all good eras, a very exclusive era. While it lasted only a score of people in the world realized that it existed. Now that it is dead I suppose it will be better known, and so it is no longer improper to speak of it. Most men enjoy and recognize only that part of the present which is already digested, and dead: famous writers, great pianists, presidents of republics, Nobel prizes, and best sellers. The things that grow and are still alive do not impress them: young poets, coming men, new ideas, etc. In America it is the fashion to eat dead oysters, while in France they eat them alive. Most people eat their lives like their oysters—dead, just dead, nicely dead, not too much though.

That is why they may enjoy the era that is dead now, for it has just died.

I cannot help thinking that it was a much better era than Classicism or Romanticism. It has been a thrilling time. Should we call it the "Symbolist Era"? Some day we shall find a better name for it; but now this name is the only convenient one I know of.

Roughly speaking it began in 1870 in France, and it died in 1935 with the American trip of Miss Gertrude Stein, and the academic campaign of M. Claudel, with the hunting expeditions of Mr. Hemingway, and the mineral-water studies of M. Valéry.

It began when the really creative writers discarded Romanticism and withdrew from social life to start a new kind of art; it ended when the really creative artists came back into social life to talk about what they had done and to look at it.

It began because Romanticism had been a flop. I do not believe that any school has been a worse flop than Romanticism; it is not that Romanticism made the mistake of being gloomy; any man has a right to be gloomy, and most people enjoy it. If anything Romanticism was not gloomy enough; most people do their gloom awfully well. The trouble with Romanticism was that it was not a creative kind of art. It started well but it got nowhere.

It started by sailing into Classicism, and that was rather well done, but as soon as it had succeeded in attracting a public and getting a hearing it began picking up all the old tricks of Classicism, and rehashing them. In England, in America, in Germany, in France, Romanticism has been a surprisingly sterile movement as far as poetry goes. It claimed as its great glory that it broke a lot of rules, but that is nothing, and anyhow to break a lot of

Next Week

GHOST AND HORROR STORIES
By BASIL DAVENPORT

ZAHAROFF
By ROBERT NEUMANN
Reviewed by Eric Hodgins

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rules you have to be interested in those rules and remember them, which means that you do not create new ones; the problem is not to keep breaking old laws as Romanticism did, but to create, and enforce, and eventually break new ones, as Romanticism did not do but as Symbolism did.

The Romanticists had one big idea: the poet is the priest of humanity; humanity is diseased, and needs leaders; we shall be the leaders, they said. Byron said so, and Schiller said so, and Chateaubriand said so, and Shelley said so, and Hugo said so, and Lamartine said so. They were all poets, all grand-priests; but after all their priesthood was not much different from that of the late Mr. William Jennings Bryan. They had no issues of their own, but simply those they picked up in the waste basket of the politicians—Democracy, Progress, Liberty, sometimes Equality, sometimes Nationalism, sometimes the Rights of Man, sometimes the rights of Genius, anyhow all the stale ideas that you found every morning in the editorials of the *New York Times*, just as you found them a century ago in the editorials of the *Débats*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and *The Philadelphia Aurora*. They missed the League of Nations, though I don't believe that Hugo missed even that. You could rely on him not to miss anything.

Of course Romanticism was not quite as trite in English countries as in France. But all in all the difference was not very great: this school, which built a very heavy and composite technique made of all the literary tricks of the last three centuries, and which under pretense of being a school of outcasts and bums spent its time preaching and playing politics, has been much more important as a social force than as an artistic achievement.

The trouble with the Romanticists was that they were not much interested in literature, they were not much interested in language, and they were not much interested in man. They preferred humanity, social life, and mass meetings. Byron was just as bad as Hugo.

They made a lot of noise. They had nice political and official careers; they began by talking of Romeo, and they ended by talking of industry; the funeral of Victor Hugo in Paris looked like a Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans; and the biggest banners were carried by a delegation of grocers and candymakers.

The Romanticists succeeded too well. They were the first school in Europe to appeal to the lower middle class, and as the lower middle class of the nineteenth century was a new and huge class, very recently educated, and just beginning to grow enthusiastic about bath tubs, progress, and democracy, they had a ready public to whom they might sing of love, sorrow, and melancholy. As a matter of fact, their public was the only thing genuinely new in their whole outfit; and their handling of that public their only perfect achievement. In older times poetry had been a highbrow and somewhat erudite pleasure, with a touch of religious awe in it. With them it became something just as normal as going to the restaurant or drinking beer in summer. Romanticism was the great vulgarizing school of the modern ages. It had no philosophical background and very few accurate ideas, but it did give to everybody a lot of philosophic feelings. The Romanticists knew practically no history, but they filled their poems and dramas with visions of history; they had

PAUL VERLAINE
From an etching by Toorop.

no training in science, but they never stopped extolling science and explaining its greatness to the millions. They can be blamed, they can be praised; it is fair to say that they had a pretty good time, that they gave to their contemporaries a pretty good time. Otherwise they should not be forgiven, because their literary achievements all in all have been rather commonplace; they did not have enough time to bother about purely literary matters; apostles cannot stoop to such details and the century was too noisy, too excited about its material progress, its social achievements, and its political experiments to mind very much if it was getting only commonplace literature.

The Symbolists, however, objected. And that is where they came in. They objected strongly, terribly. They began in France with the war of 1870. That was a great bad war, very great and very bad, that killed Romanticism as a living thing, and France as a first-class power. It began the German empire and Symbolism.

It might be said that Symbolism had been prepared by Edgar Poe and by Gérard de Nerval; and also by Goethe's second "Faust," and also by the School of Lyon, during the Renaissance. It is true. But then it is true also that Pindar and the poets of Alexandria had laid the foundations; so we had better not enter into genealogical research.

In fact, Symbolism was started by three queer men: a drunkard, a pervert, and a professor of English. It was not entirely Verlaine's fault if he was a drunkard, he was born in Flanders, a very wet country; it was not at all Rimbaud's fault if he was abnormal, he had an overflow of genius; and Mallarmé could not help being a professor of English, he married a German governess and fancied learning English. But in fact none of them belonged to the gentry or to the nice middle class which had provided the Romanticist poets; they were outcasts, not in dream but in fact. Rimbaud spent his life in Ethiopia, Verlaine in jails and taverns, and Mallarmé in a high school. They were never able to get out and have a career. They did not even get good funerals.

The important thing about them is that they were interested in literature rather than in social or political life. The outside world to them was a failure. They belonged to a defeated France, they did not believe in Progress, Industry, or Science, not even in Democracy. They had a mystic longing for the absolute, and the only thing that mattered for them was man, not the man-citizen, but the man-soul, the one they knew, or were trying to know, inside themselves.

At once they reacted violently against Romanticism, even though they followed some of the original lines of early Romanticism; they aimed also at being priests, but no more priests of a social faith. They were priests of a mystic cult. Their art was not meant to be an explanation of the world to the masses, but the creation of a world for the élite, or rather for the single man. They wanted poetry to be magic; they did not think it amounted to anything otherwise.

In truth they did not care much for anything; they did not care for money, they did not care for respectability, they did not care for glory, they did not care for official recognition. About the only thing they cared for was to write things that would make them drunk or go to heaven. The trouble was that to go to heaven they had first to create heaven. It was a lot of work. They started in earnest in 1872. After three years the task destroyed Rimbaud; it sent Verlaine to jail and made of him a permanent bum; and it kept Mallarmé under until he died also, though more slowly and later because his wife took good care of him. Each one of the three worked very hard to build a heaven, which was to be a new literature.

For Verlaine it was music; music which

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Portrait of a Compromiser

THE JEW OF ROME. By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.50.

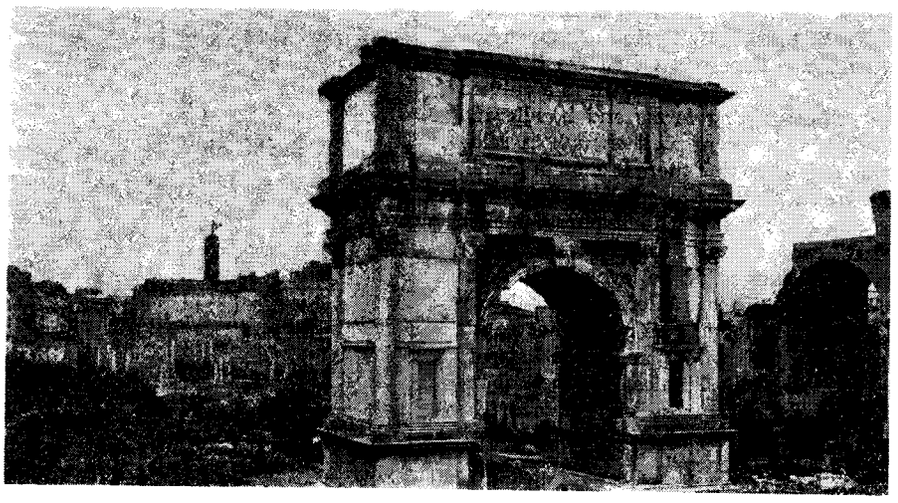
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FEUCHTWANGER'S titles have undergone transmogrifications that are both curious and inconsistent. "Jud Suess" was softened to "Power" because it was feared the literal "Jew Suess" might offend the supersensitive; on the other hand the inoffensive "Die Soehne" becomes "The Jew of Rome"—a far less significant if more arresting title, for the new novel concerns itself with a man's tragic love for his two sons, both of whom he loses, one through the accident of death, the other through the cruelty of life.

"The Jew of Rome" takes up the colorful story of the Judean historian where "Josephus" left it. As in all of Feuchtwanger's tales the background is more impressive, even more active, than the doings of his *dramatis personae*—there are times, as in the section entitled "The Nationalist," when the quick-shifting background outdistances its characters and, as it were, shakes itself free from them. In "Josephus" the issues were larger than the author's personages, for the conflict was not so much the battle between Josephus and Vespasian, or even the clash between Rome and Judea, as the struggle between two types of power: the headlong West and the persistent East. In "The Jew of Rome" the onset is more dramatic, the issues are more sharply personalized. The sequel begins with Josephus at the height of his fame—"There are seventy-seven who have the ear of the world, and of these I am one." He is the confidant of the Emperor Titus; his bust is placed in the Hall of Honor of the Temple, the first "alien" to have a pedestal there; his book is the sensation of the day.

But Josephus is unhappy in the midst of favor and luxury. His position as Roman scarcely masks the ambiguity of the half-assimilated Jew. He is separated from Mara, his Judean first wife; insecure with and finally divorced from Dorion, the Greek Egyptian, for whom he has betrayed himself and his faith. Simeon, the son by Mara, though Jewish, being the offspring of a priest and a captive, is a *mamser*, a bastard. Paulus, his son by Dorion, is a Jew-hating youngster and despises his father. Driven by his divided loves, compelled by the very duality of his nature, Josephus alternately finds and loses himself. The writer may have the ear of the world, but the man sinks beneath a consciousness of impotence and negation. The person of importance triumphs over his enemies, survives the plague, and is benefited by the Great Fire, but the perplexed nationalist returns to his homeland to consult with the Guardians of the Law in their mourning bravery, to battle for his soul's integrity with Justus, his friendly enemy, and to seek out the "heathen" sect and come on the track of information about the man whom the Minaeans, or "Christians," call the Messiah, said to have been crucified at Jerusalem. Josephus returns to Rome, more bewildered but more determined than ever. A momentary inner rebellion tempts him to hurl himself again Domitian in one desperate Maccabean gesture. But the citizen of the world stifles the impulse, and Josephus, forfeiting the respect of the Romans as well as the Jews, allows himself to be "equalized" and bows his head to the deified Titus on the arch depicting the rape of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Temple.

"The Jew of Rome" will, in all probability, be read as an allegory, and it is true that the author has been unable to keep out a few modern parallels which will help those who look for parables. But the work is essentially a tale and a study of character—a novel in the most opulent vein by one of the most accomplished living novelists. Feuchtwanger's two volumes present a canvas which few of his contemporaries would even attempt; and, though each book is remarkable by itself, neither is quite complete without the other. Only the two can give the fully rounded portrait which is a masterpiece of paradox and self-contradiction. Feuchtwanger's skill is the greater since he does not spare his hero; he never prettifies a cheap emotion nor glorifies a false motive with rhetoric. Here is Josephus, the born compromiser, in all his shrewd acceptances and shrewder evasions. Yet Feuchtwanger makes one understand the victor as well as the failure. The two books—and "The Jew of Rome" in particular—solidify his position as master of imaginative reconstruction.



THE ARCH OF TITUS

Remorseless Realism

STOKER BUSH. By James Hanley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

READERS of "The Furys" have already discovered the headlong, peculiarly masculine power of Mr. Hanley's writing. "Stoker Bush" is designed on a slighter scale than the earlier novel; its plot is in fact its weakness. All of Mr. Hanley's capacities are here brought to bear, unstinted, upon a story scarcely worthy of them, centering as it does about a dull-witted husband and a beautiful, comparatively sensitive wife who escapes with a more vital lover. This is scanty material for so full a literary talent. Mr. Hanley's triumph is in shrouding the sparseness of this whole beneath the richness of its parts. So rounded and penetrating a characterization, for instance, as that of old 'Arry Taylor, Anne's father, would make any book notable. So also would the remorseless realism of these descriptions of life in the Liverpool dockside slums, in the pubs, on the streets, in the engine rooms. Mr. Hanley knows how these sailors and their wives, old and young, these home-folk and these unemployed bar-room hangers-on, talk. He knows what they say and what they think, and the secret springs of their behavior. And he has forged a prose especially for the telling of these things, hard and earthy, with a muscular rhythm that pulses like a ship's engine.

Mr. Hanley has the attainments of a first rate social historian. He could make of himself an instrument through which the working class might tell its story, a story which needs to be told today more, perhaps, than any other. He could give us a picture of a social stratum comparable, let us say, with James T. Farrell's Lonigan trilogy. We should like to see him turn to the large social themes of which he is capable, leaving such individual complexities as those of Chris Bush and his wife to other hands.

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Two Extremes of Government

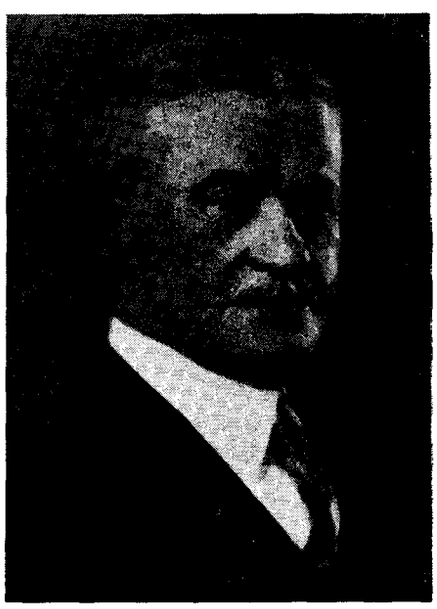
Presenting the Case for Individualism

OUR ENEMY THE STATE. By Albert Jay Nock. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE SOULE

MR. NOCK'S view of the state combines those of Confucius, Karl Marx, and the National Association of Manufacturers. He effects this odd combination by leaving out essential features of each.

Like Confucius, he believes that the only good government is self-government of small units, and that the less interference there is from a central state, the better. Like Karl Marx, he maintains that the state is, and must inevitably be, an instrument of exploitation in the hands of the class that is economically the most powerful. Like the National Association of Manufacturers, he thinks that the present interventions by the state in this country are harmful, and that the Federal government should be shorn of most of its powers.



ALBERT JAY NOCK

What he omits from all these doctrines, is their several programs for dealing with the state. Confucians, Marxians, and the N. A. M. all understand that the state, while an evil, is a necessary evil. Confucius sought to civilize it by turning it over to pure-hearted gentlemen-scholars, selected by competitive examinations. Marx pointed out that the way to get rid of it was, first, for the exploited classes to capture it and establish a society in which exploitation could no longer exist; then the state might wither away. The Manufacturers, of course, want to capture the state through the Republican party, thus ensuring that it will not interfere with the exploitation that they, through their ownership of the means of production, are enabled to carry on if the state intervenes only on their behalf. Mr. Nock has no program; he contents himself with predicting dolefully that the state will ruin society.

Mr. Nock is one of the best essayists and one of the soundest commentators on political history in our times. In a brief book he has managed to distil more shrewd perception of the Puritan and American revolutions than can be found, so far as I know, in any other volume, of whatever length. But if one did not know that he is still alive, one would suppose that he had closed his mind at about 1789—or rather, that he had then fallen into a cataleptic trance, interrupted subsequently only by a brief period of lucidity during which he read Henry George.

The development of modern industrialism and its implications have left not a trace on his cortex. He supposes that the only source of exploitation, the only basis of political power, is access to the rental value as opposed to the use value of land. He assumes that the rental value could be taxed by cities or townships, and that if it were, we should have a heaven of competition, in which no one could exploit anyone else, provided that the central government refrained from becoming a "state." It should do this by making "no positive interventions of any kind upon the individual, but should confine itself exclusively to such negative interventions as the maintenance of freedom and security might dictate." The utter meaningless, the self-contradiction of such a definition of government in a capitalist, industrial civilization, escapes his critical eye. He protects his fantasy from rude skeptics by admitting that it isn't going to happen before the millennium. Of course it never can happen unless we return to a culture of self-sustaining farms and handicrafts with a population small enough in relation to land so that there is enough for all, under such an inefficient technique.

Mr. Nock is so good a phrase-maker that I cannot refrain from quoting against him the charge that he levels against the American: "He is indifferent to the theory of things, so long as he may rehearse his formulas; and so long as he can listen to the patter of his litanies, no practical inconsistency disturbs him—indeed, he gives no evidence of even recognizing it as an inconsistency."

Mr. Soule is an editor of The New Republic, *and author of "A Planned Society."*

An Intellectual Case for Fascism

THE COMING AMERICAN FASCISM. By Lawrence Dennis. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. BINGHAM

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S "It Can't Happen Here" should be compulsory reading for everyone concerned about the future of America. But a good case could be made out to insist that Lawrence Dennis's book in praise of fascism should be put alongside Lewis's denunciation. Even as violent an anti-fascist as Lewis could hardly consider Dennis's book dangerous. It is far too intelligent to have much influence in bringing on a movement which is bound to come unintelligently if at all. And the disquieting, cold honesty that runs through its unemotional pages, is a much needed antidote to the ranting about fascism so current today. If fascism is to be combatted it can be only by understanding.

Mr. Dennis is uniquely fitted to contribute to that understanding. He has an incisive mind, as his earlier book, "Is Capitalism Doomed?" amply demonstrated. The first half of the current book is a brilliant and alarming Yes! in answer to the title of the previous study, and this reviewer for one is inclined to agree that the collapse of the system may very well force a choice of drastic changes within five years. The discussion of the impasse with which capitalism is likely to be faced in the comparatively near future, owing, if to nothing else, to its inability to find new investments, pro-

LAWRENCE DENNIS

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vides the background for Mr. Dennis's implacable insistence on a collective social discipline, which he prefers to have come by way of fascism than by way of a communist dictatorship of the proletariat.

As a social philosopher he cannot maintain the level he reaches as an economist, but there is much insight as well as brute strength in his exposure of the fallacies of liberal democracy, and his theory of the inevitable rule of the "élite." In a time of much confused and wishful thinking, an author frank enough to assert the identity of right and might, is welcome indeed, however profoundly one may disagree. And a thoroughly candid intellectual argument for fascism is an immensely valuable contribution to current thought.

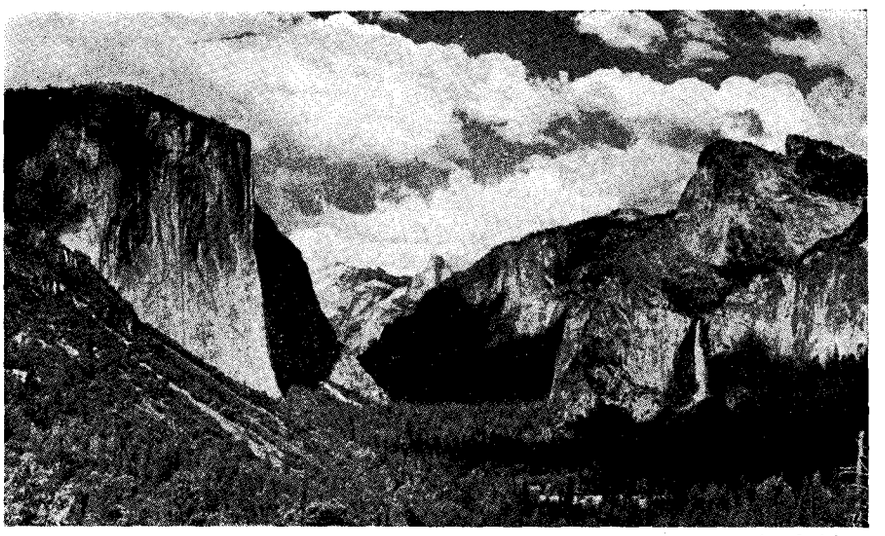
The kind of fascism under discussion is, however, not the kind made familiar by our reading of Italian or German events, or Sinclair Lewis's translation of these to American terms. It is a rationale after the event—and a far more intelligent and reasonable rationale than has come out of either Italy or Germany. There is little more than a feeble defense of present-day practice in the existing fascist countries. Rather is there a search for logic and principle behind that practice.

The theory may be briefly stated thus: Capitalism is doomed. The choice is between fascism and communism, both being revolutionary upsurges of a submerged élite, imposing collectivism by force. Fascism is preferable, and should be chosen even by the élite still in power, since it is the only alternative to their "liquidation" under communism. It is also preferable, because it does not necessitate civil war, and it retains more capitalist features, such as petty private ownership and private initiative, and an open market.

At this point Mr. Dennis is at his weakest, for an open market is not compatible with the planned production of abundance which he postulates. Here, perhaps, he is attempting to placate a public opinion which he otherwise ignores, as in his disregard of the power of American tradition, and its fear of arbitrary executive authority.

But the weaknesses of this book are readily apparent. Most glaring perhaps is the failure to consider a third radical alternative, an American brand of socialism via democracy. The significance of the book is its positive contribution to clear thinking. The only reason it is not dangerous is, as I have already suggested, because no fascist leaders could afford to be as intellectual as Mr. Dennis demands.

Alfred M. Bingham, son of ex-Senator Hiram Bingham, is a recent graduate of Yale. He is editor of the magazine Common Sense, *in association with Selden Rodman, and the author of "Insurgent America," a book on the revolt of the middle class in this country. This book was reviewed in* The Saturday Review *of December 28.*



Ansel Adams

YOSEMITE VALLEY. *From "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada."*

High Adventure

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA. By Clarence King. New edition with Preface. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I FIRST read this book some twenty years ago, and ever since have talked about it in and out of season whenever the American wilderness and books about it have been discussed. In spite of the editions noted in the excellent preface by Francis P. Farquhar, it has been undeservedly neglected by writers on Americana, and very little read even in California, where it should be famous.

Clarence King headed West in 1863 after his graduation from Yale, perhaps to avoid the war then raging, but certainly not to keep out of danger, for of that he courted and got plenty in the high Sierras. By chance he met Professor Brewer who was engaged under Whitney in the first scientific exploration of the lower Sierras, then little known, and for five or six years reveled in geological adventure.

He must have been a good geologist in spite of his bad guesses as to the origin of the Yosemite, for he later became chief of the United States service and made notable contributions to the organization of the science in this country. Geology, however, is the least of the elements in this high-spirited book. King was a sensitive, broadly educated man, with a talent for description, a good sense of humor, and a romantic appreciation of beauty. And he was fortunate enough to see a new world still virgin and unspoiled in its magnificent natural beauty, still with its few human inhabitants, a forest and a frontier. Like Bartram he was able to describe a unique part of the continent before exploitation had sullied it. Furthermore, he climbed unknown snow mountains, and explored dangerous glaciers, when mountaineering as a sport was in its infancy. He saw marvels, met with nerve-taking adventures, had a gorgeous time, and put it all in this book.

The Yosemite, Shasta, and the Kings Canyon country are the three regions informally described. Muir has redone the Yosemite, more soberly and more accurately. But this book is the classic for the Kings River country and Mount Whitney. This is still an area of magnificent canyon, stupendous sequoia forest, and jagged mountain, not easily accessible except by a few motor roads. When I knew it in 1912 it was still a "packing" country, no roads, few trails. For King it was still a wilderness, a wilderness made more exciting because he had a genius for losing his way and taking the hardest route up a mountain. He was an enthusiast, which made his colleagues remember him with a distrust which seems to have been unjustified. His weaknesses were esthetic not moral. Beauty intoxicated him, words intoxicated him. His book is full of adjectives, diffuse sometimes, overwritten now and then in the bad magazine style of the period, but certainly a masterpiece of vital, uplifted youth, on a spree of adventure. And being intensely impressionable he set down observations that his soberer colleagues could and would never have recorded. There are delightful and invaluable pictures of the mountaineers of the 60s in these chapters. "The Newtys of Pike," which tells how a Missouri nomad offered a thousand razorbacks as dowry for his six foot daughter, should be reprinted in every collection of American stories. And there are Indians, bad Mexicans, 49ers, the best moving pictures of the Sierras I should say outside of Bret Harte, and all true to impression if not to fact.

"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" belongs decidedly in that small but distinguished nature library which is one of the features of American literature. It is one of the obligatory books for readers who wish to know their country before industrialism stereotyped it.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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He Kept His Nerve

MANY may think that Mark Twain has been too much written about in the year of his centenary. We do not agree. Not enough has been said of his biting realism. Not enough has been said of his essential radicalism. Not enough has been said of his judgment and his nerve.

It would be an interesting job for a research worker to take his "Tom Sawyer," his "Huckleberry Finn," his "Puddn'head Wilson," his "Life on the Mississippi," and compare them character by character, episode by episode, opinion by opinion, with the work of the new school of the Mississippi valley—the Faulkners, Caldwells, et al. Readers of Twain's "humorous" narratives, if they will reread, or remember, will find the entire panoply of human weakness, vice, degeneration, prejudice, and superstition in those books. Exploited share-croppers, terrorized Negroes, brutal overseers, corrupt and prejudiced courts, infinite human stupidity, and crass ignorance—they are all in those narratives. Leave out Puddn'head Wilson, leave out Aunt Polly, leave out Jim the Negro, and a few aristocrats who had a code if no other morals,—then retell those stories with emphasis upon the degeneracy, the ignorance, the cocksure prejudice of the small town and the back country, and you will get Faulkner out-Faulknered, because these mid-century Americans are felt to be typical not pathological, Caldwell out-Caldwelled, because their cruel blood lusts, their muddied ethics, their frequent delusions are seen to be symptoms of universal human nature. Only sexual depravity is spared us in Twain's portraits, so considered, and that is kept implicit from no lack of knowledge, as a scrutiny of the text makes clear.

Remember the feud in "Huckleberry Finn" and the murder and attempted lynching in the river town. Remember the stupid virulence of Puddn'head Wilson's community. Remember, in the same books, the ruthless analysis of Negro morals as they had been shaped by the greed and arrogance of the whites. Remember the reflections of Twain's own experience with economic oppression and what now would be called fascist tyranny, in his fantasy of sixth century England, "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

But there is of course an extraordinary difference between this first realist of the Mississippi valley and his successors. The contrast is not in humor or the lack of it, for in these bitter sub-plots and background studies of Twain there is no humor, but rather a deadly passion of wrath and irony and contempt. The important contrast is not in Twain's desire to write a readable book that would please not merely shock. This very human desire (and would that more writers with something vital to say would yield to the same craving to be read) did lead Mark Twain into melodrama, notably in "Tom Sawyer" and "Puddn'head Wilson." But this melodrama was never more than a gaudy superstructure over his essential realism which shows through whenever necessary with an effect of truth which is increased by the exaggerations of sentiment to which it is a foil. Indeed if Twain was warped from reality it was by his intense humanitarianism; not by his melodrama.

No, the contrast is in nerve. Mark Twain, the peak pessimist in American literature so far (see the excerpts from Puddn'head Wilson's note book), never lost his nerve. He did not give up humanity because he so heartily disliked a wide variety of predatory specimens of man and woman. He did not call for revolutions because the great exploiting system which had built up the Mississippi Valley had so evidently produced a society with streaks of rot running through it in all directions. He did not put the blame for everything on a system, nor expect that any system would work without blame. He believed in change but he did not believe in change unless men were changed first to meet it; in spite of his low opinion of human nature he believed in character wherever he could find it, and knew it could be found, and that ideas no matter how good were useless without it, and that character without sound ideas might be a liability to progress. One wishes that there were some way to make the "pressure groups" as well as the revolutionaries—even more than the revolutionaries—consider his idea of Americanism.

"You see my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing; . . . it is the thing to watch over . . .; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out. . . . I was from Connecticut, whose Constitution declares 'that . . . the people . . . have *at all times* an undeniable and indefeasible right to *alter their form of government* in such a manner as they think expedient.'" But whoever gets up an insurrection or a revolution "without first educating his materials up to revolution grade is almost absolutely certain to get left."

Twain had real patriotism, a term whose meaning the D. A. R.'s, the American Legions, and the other so-called patriotic organizations of our decades seem utterly to misunderstand. He had common sense, a principle in politics, which many of our communist intellectuals seem never to have acquired. He kept his nerve, which is more than can be said of most of the dismayed writers upon the present state of the Republic.

Eye and Ear The American Library Association, in a recent bulletin, states that the demand for certain classics of literature has increased among children as well as among older readers. The movies are the cause. "David Copperfield," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Little Women" are being read by the children. "Les Miserables," "Anna Karenina," and others are being read by their parents. This is one more bit of evidence to prove that the new appeals to the perennial desire of man to be lifted out of his own egoisms, supplement, without destroying, the older method of print. It is true that print dealt a blow to the old story-teller, who was forced to learn how to write in order to hold his audience. The eye was better than the ear, because the ear had to be in the presence of the teller while the eye did not. Now the reader brings the world to the ear, the movies bring the world to the eye. But the radio is arbitrary and partial, the movies can narrate and describe but cannot reflect or explain. Mr. Booth Tarkington was unduly pessimistic when he declared that the day of the novel was over. Commonsense as well as this testimony from the libraries shows that he was wrong.

Ten Years Ago

"Power," a translation of Lion Feuchtwanger's "Jud Süss," was published in this country in 1926. Like his other works of the war period, it had originally been suppressed in Germany. Adolf E. Meyer, who reviewed "Power" for this magazine, wrote: "*Despite his academic tenacity Feuchtwanger has written a gripping tale. One's senses are stirred. The eighteenth century is unfurled with all its happy glories and all its reeking stenches. The characters are vivid—so alive in fact that the reader perforce becomes a party to iniquity.*"

Today

Lion Feuchtwanger's new novel, "The Jew of Rome," a sequel to his "Josephus," is reviewed by Louis Untermeyer on page 5 of this issue. Mr. Untermeyer calls it "*a novel in the most opulent vein by one of the most accomplished living novelists.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *Professional and Amateur Reviewers*

Novelists as Reviewers

SIR:—Having been knocked into insensibility by the horrendous suggestion of Mr. Harold W. Beyer that more amateur reviewers be introduced into the columns of the *SRL,* I was only revived by the sane, soothing treatment of the same subject by Mr. W. W. Patterson. As a steady newsstand customer of the *SRL,* let me cast my vote, for whatever it may be worth, for more professional reviewing.

My chief objection to your magazine is the, to me, perfectly ridiculous idea in the minds of its editorial directors that novelists make competent reviewers, when as a matter of fact, they usually write the dullest possible essays on the books they are attempting to recreate in the readers' minds. . . .

I would like to go a step farther than Mr. Patterson and offer the suggestion that all the *SRL* reviewing be limited to as small a staff as possible and my reason is this: most readers of the *SRL* are, I am sure, more or less constant readers so that they soon could become rather well acquainted with the tastes and predilections of this small staff. Consequently they would be in a position to gauge their own potential liking for a book by the critics' reactions, regardless of whether or not the critic liked it.

C. CHALFANT ALLAM.

Toledo, Ohio.

For Scholarship

SIR:—Use the layman as reviewer, if you think practicable, but your editorial note after Mr. Beyer's letter is apt—the layman lacks practice in expression, and faith to convince. But if you do use the layman—let it not be to the exclusion of the scholar.

C. K. ADAMS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Technicalities and Personalities

SIR:—The *SRL* occupies a position peculiarly its own. As I see it, the *SRL* is the best means by which intelligent people of good taste may be informed of the content, style, and value of the cream of the current literary crop. By performing such a function, it also serves as a sort of summary of much of contemporary intellectual activity.

Most of the departments of the *SRL* are directed to this end, but it often happens that the book reviews (certainly the most important department) are not. To accomplish the purpose I have indicated, it is necessary that the reviewer write expressly for the reader. He should write objectively about the book reviewed, and its author. When technical experts, or persons acquainted with the background of the book, are employed as reviewers, too frequently what we have are not good reviews, but instead personal letters of criticism from reviewer to author.

Take the issue of December 14. On page six, Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright has reviewed the biography of the architect, Louis Sullivan. Mr. Wright is a leader in his field, and unquestionably knows his subject here. But I believe the *SRL* readers to be uninterested in the type of review he gives us. Mr. Wright speaks as one who could have written the book, and who would have done a better job if he had. To illustrate the opposite and more desirable way of approach, one has to look only as far as the next page, where Mr. Horace M. Kallen has reviewed John Dewey's new book, "Liberalism and Social Action." Mr. Kallen, unlike Mr. Wright, looks at the volume he reviews objectively, and interprets its message and describes its content from the point of view of a reader.

I quite agree that amateur reviewers, chosen at random, would be inefficient. Even professional ones, it seems, may be sometimes inefficient. But less attention should be paid to well known names, and more to well-written reviews. *SRL* subscribers, in the main, are less interested in the reviewers than they are in the books reviewed and in the reviewers' interpretations of them.

FREDERIC R. GUNSKY.

San Francisco, Cal.

"WHY, ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, YOU OLD PEEPING TOM!"

From a Librarian

SIR:—The two letters in your correspondence of the December 14 issue concerning reviewers met a ready response on my part. Of course I understand your point of view that a good reviewer cannot spring all equipped from the dust and heat of ordinary readers. . . . Isn't it possible to strike something between the lavish praise handed to certain well known popular writers and the sort that simply downs a book entirely? I must say it is refreshing to find in the *Saturday Review* Frank Lloyd Wright's comment on the biography of Louis Sullivan, though doubtless, it is one-sided. . . .

GRETA E. BROWN, *Librarian.*

New Britain, Conn.

A Book a Day

SIR:—I have read the *S. R. L.* with increasing pleasure during the last three years principally because the reviewers have so often been men or women whose books I have liked or not liked. I read perhaps an average of thirty books a month and I do not read them because a reviewer says they are good. I can make my own decision about that, but the fact that Frank Lloyd Wright has reviewed a book on architecture makes me want to read the book although I am not at the moment interested in architecture.

Please, I have just renewed my subscription, please do not change your ways. . . . Hasn't Mr. Beyer ever listened to amateur book reviews?

ELISABETH MCDAVID.

Five Year Plan

SIR:—Although a charter subscriber to the *Sat. Rev. of Lit.* I have never heretofore felt the urge to express myself on paper, nor that I could afford the time. But this book-reviewing business interests me.

Owing to false impressions obtained through reading reviews (usually laudatory) by professional writers, I have adopted as protective measures what I facetiously term my "five year plan;" *i.e.,* not to purchase or read a book just off the press, but to wait for about five years. At the expiration of this period if the book is without permanent interest it will have

(*Continued on page* 23)

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Poet of the Risorgimento

LEOPARDI. By the Marchesa Iris Origo. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

IN the whole appalling muster-roll of mighty poets in their misery dead Count Giacomo Leopardi appears to have been the most miserable. Search the shocking list through and you will be put to it to find even a parallel. Not Burns in his drunkenness, not Keats in sickness and defeated love, not Francis Thompson, between religious agony and the slavery of the opiate, reach the amplitude of vibrating horror that with Leopardi appears to have been customary and continual. As his latest biographer has justly said, his corrivals in suffering at least knew respite. There were times when cheerfulness would come breaking it. But in Leopardi's life and work there is no relief, no escape, no sweet human contacts, nothing but uncontaminated bitterness and damnation of the spirit. Carlyle might have said of him with far greater justice than of De Quincey: "Eccori, this child has been in hell."

Been in hell! He was born there. Over and above that he was deformed, half-blind, with a hateful, pious witch of a mother, and a hateful, trivial fool of a father. Moreover there was a curse on whatever insecure advantage the fates had dubiously appeared to assign. If his family was good, it was also visibly ridiculous. If he had great intellectual powers he was delivered to the company of dullards. If he was preternaturally penetrating, he was nevertheless, in the Marchesa Origo's apt phrase, "born to be lied to." His more than normal interest in women made him a more than normal object of contempt in their sight. Colossally capable of suffering, he appeared to be without the ability to enjoy. And for the crowning evil he was burningly aware of his powers and of his deficiencies. For what more could one ask? It is so bad that one wonders how it could have happened. It is so bad that one hardly believes the witch-blasted creature even existed at all. It is beyond imagination and outside of probability. Yet it is true.

> Ahi! del dolor comincia e nasce
> L'italo canto.

About this unfortunate figure, concerning whom it might be disputed whether he were simply unhappy or merely completely disagreeable, the Marchesa Origo has written a delightful book, which fully deserves the introduction provided by Professor Santayana. Under any circumstances the lady's subject would have had a fantastic interest. But she has brought to it sympathy, information, modesty, and judgment. Her work has distinction, grace, and authority. And it is a pleasure at a time when people without sufficient imagination to write bad novels have turned to the manufacture of worse biographies to discover a work of mature elegance which goes directly to the root of the matter. Although she modestly disclaims attempting a formal study of Leopardi's work, she has written about poetry she loved and understood and she has done it wonderfully well. In fact she has performed what a wise man once called the true function of the literary biographer: she has sent her reader to her poet.

And dear Heaven, what a poet! Never was a slighter bird and never a higher flight. There are less than two hundred pages in the cheap edition before me, of which the unread and incomprehensible "Paralipomeni" occupies eighty. Mr. Bickersteth, the learned and affectionate translator, reckons but forty-one canti and of the forty-one perhaps ten are the genuine thing. You recognize power everywhere, of course, *ex ungue Leopardum*, but "the hunchback of Monte Morello" wrote himself the briefest of passports to the mountain with the double-peak. It was, however, more than sufficient.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI
Portrait by Morelli

The background of thought and feeling behind the canti is most depressing. It must be bad enough to be a congenital pessimist at any time. But to be a congenital pessimist in Italy after Alfieri and before Mazzini must have been worse. Leopardi was at war with his family, his caste, his church, his country, his century, his own and the opposite sex. His bad health had made him outrageously sensitive to slings and arrows which another man would have ignored or avoided. And he lived in an unceasing rage against wrongs real or imagined. Italy in her degradation and apathy after Napoleon moved a poet with all classic literature at his finger-tips almost to madness. The hopeful, crass, and unfounded "all for the bestism" of the early nineteenth century publicists infuriated him so that reading his diatribes is like listening to a man on whose lips the first drops of rabid foam are beginning to form. He was not deceived by any talk of great advances, of progress in the arts and sciences. The pain and limitation of his own poor body, the constriction and laceration of his own sad soul had instructed him as to the value of a future foredoomed to be as bankrupt as the past. He saw too clearly the hypocrisy and self-deceit. "What are we?" he is constantly asking and as constantly replying, "The unhappy children and enemies of nature, who destroys us as stupidly as she creates us." It requires no Sigmund Freud to see the role which that she-wolf, the Countess Adelaide, played in the intellectual development of her son. The blackness originated by her and continued by disastrous circumstance almost becomes ludicrous though never quite. One is besieged at moments by the thought that all could have been put right by calomel. But that easy solution would be perfectly incorrect. For Leopardi was literally the child of darkness and sadness. And dark and sad he remained to the end of the chapter. Nevertheless out of that cosmic horror vibrated, in the group of his great poems, a light as inexplicable as any other form of radiation. In them he found escape and refuge, or better yet something positive and powerful which life denied to him in human affairs.

When we turn to those poems, if we have enough Italian to spell out the sentences, we know at once that we are in the presence of beauty lucid and perpetual. Shelley at his eagle-height, Keats in his warmth and glory, Wordsworth at his white glow have not surpassed, if they have equalled, the wounded, thwarted, embittered creature. In some strange way, not to be explained by the sympathy and sense of any biographer, blocked impulse and broken dream have melted into a limpid, quiet, and supremely exalted poetry. The "Canto Notturno" has the ineffable quality of actual moonlight. The printed words shed silver as you glance at the page. The lovely "Infinito, A Se Stesso" which is the abstract of Oriental pessimism "cut in an emerald by Roman art," "Il Passero Solitario, La Quiete dopo il Tempesta," poignant as painting in words can be, "La Ginestra," in spite of "a typical Italian dispute as to whether it is too philosophical for poetry or too poetical for philosophy," are all in the highest category of lyricism. Here at last the ravaged spirit, havocked by irresistible reality, has found its way through superlative grace of expression, to a truth no longer inexorable. The sordid, the unhappy, the egocentric, the diseased aspects of the man in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, are all changed. Private suffering is transmuted into noble human sympathy. And the maimed cripple moves with effortless ease, no longer ashamed, among the very few his peers.

The Marchesa Origo describes with her usual and appropriate grace the formal library in the stiff villa at Racanti, where in Leopardi's china ink-well still moulders the flower that Carducci dropped there in memory of the real "Poet of the Risorgimento." Such compliments appear fulsome in some eyes north of the Alps and west of Hercules. Nevertheless one may contemplate, not without satisfaction, any tribute paid to the hopeless and unhappy by the splendid and the strong.

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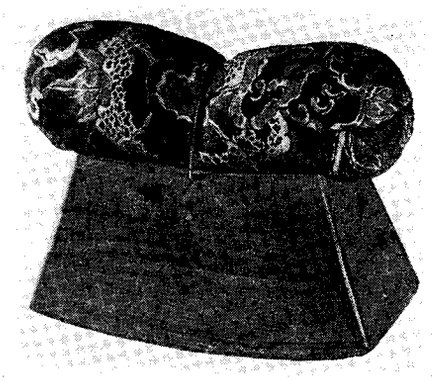

THE WOODEN PILLOW

A Japanese Idyll

THE WOODEN PILLOW. By Carl Fallas. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. S. HALL

THE jacket calls this lovely story a novel; whether it is or not doesn't much matter. It really is pure description—description of the love of a young Englishman for a still more youthful Japanese girl in the Japan of a few decades ago.

Between Grier and O Kaya San there is not only the barrier of foreign tongues, but also that of a whole alien culture and civilization to be surmounted. And their civilizations differed each from the other in nothing so much as in the making of love. But Grier and O Kaya San do make love, in the Japan of cherry blossoms and temple bells, of Mme. Butterfly and Mme. Chrysanthème.

It is only after experimental heart-skirmishes with O Setsu San, an interpreter, and Chika, an acrobat, that Grier finds himself completely captive to O Kaya San's charm. This same charm she preserves, in laughter and in tears, to the end. Her manner of courteous repulse, with later her gentle acquiescence, are in nice contrast to the accepted technique of the present times. Similarly, Grier manages a conquest in chivalric fashion.

The writing has the elusive quality of the heroine; it reads like a sympathetic translation of a tenth century Japanese romance. But the author knows his modern Japan, and its folklore; lest his tale have too sure continuity he pauses now and then for a pleasant interlude with a fox-ghost, or he gives us a dream, this time with plot a-plenty. And for comic relief he gives us Mr. Okada, hotel keeper and student of English extraordinary. Mr. Okada stalks his English-speaking prey in most unrelenting fashion, while on the other hand the author sprinkles his text with just the proper amount of Japanese, for full flavor.

"The Wooden Pillow" is one more of those books, not meant to be "important," which, aside from being delightful reading, give a picture of Japan more true and pleasant than many others launched far more pretentiously.

To a Thinker in Office

BY ROBERT FROST

THE last step taken found your heft
Decidedly upon the left.
Once more would throw you on the right.
Another still—you see your plight.
You call this thinking, but it's walking.
Not even that, it's only rocking,
Or weaving like a stabled horse:
From force to matter and back to force,
From form to content and back to form,
From norm to crazy and back to norm,
From bound to free and back to bound,
From sound to sense and back to sound.
So back and forth. It almost scares
A man the way things come in pairs.
Just now you're off democracy
(With a polite regret to be),
And leaning on dictatorship;
But if you will accept the tip,
In less than no time, tongue and pen,
You'll be a democrat again.
A reasoner and good as such,
Don't let it bother you too much
If it makes you look helpless please
And a temptation to the tease.
Suppose you've no direction in you,
I don't see but you must continue
To use the gift you do possess,
And sway with reason more or less.
I own I never really warmed
To the reformer or reformed,
And yet conversion has its place
Not half way down the scale of grace.
So if you find you must repent
From side to side in argument
At least don't use your mind too hard,
But trust my instinct—I'm a bard.

An Experiment in Human Engineering

BELOMOR: The Building of the Great Baltic-White Sea Canal. By Russia's "Reforged" Prisoners. Preface by Maxim Gorky. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER N. POLAKOV

A LITTLE girl once described a "miracle" as something that could not happen but did. What took place in Soviet Russia, when in twenty months some thirty thousand "enemies of society" built a canal connecting the Baltic Sea with the Arctic Ocean and rehabilitated themselves, is nothing less than such a modern miracle. But it is also a romance. An exhilarating poem. A saga of human engineering. An adventure in the sphere of human nature. No sociologist, criminologist, psycho-analyst, or engineer can afford to keep on practising his profession without studying the records of this book.

A layman often thinks that engineering is constrained to the mastery of materials and inanimate forces, whereas a true description of the enterprise of engineering is that of an art of applying science to control human and other natural forces to serve the liberation of mankind from the physical limitations of the environment. "Belomor" is a glowing record, simply told, of such an unprecedented experiment in human engineering. Of all the materials and forces that an engineer uses in converting his dreams from a blueprint into a part of life-environment, the most common, the most indispensable, the most valuable is human material. At the Belomor canal construction the task was much more than a large civil engineering project. It was at the same time the problem of reconditioning and salvaging a large number of men and women. They were wreckers, saboteurs, thieves, prostitutes,—thirty thousand of them—victims of the former regime, of economic environment; and, on the other hand, political fanatics. They were the population of prisons and camps, useless, embittered, passive, or revengeful as the case may be. They were summoned to build a canal of great economic importance. But they also were given an opportunity to rebuild themselves.

This almost fantastic enterprise of reconstructing a mass of human jetsam—of demonstrating the therapeutic value of well organized work—is here told in a unique and absorbing manner. The book abounds in psycho-technical data on influencing behavior. It is the coöperative work of some thirty-four writers—nicknamed by Stalin "engineers of the soul"—which records events and portrays men with a refreshing informality and a simplicity bordering upon pathos. Scenes, conversations, characters, events, and records are presented in a lapidary style reminiscent of a classical epic.

Strange indeed are the tales so simply told in this book:

> The designing was done by wreckers. The financial department was run by the embezzlers, and the administrative department by people who had been sentenced for offences committed while in office. And now, to top it all,—socialist competition among counter-revolutionaries, thieves, and murderers. An original idea.

At last, after all the hardships, anxieties, hopes, despairs, and new ambitions, the great pioneering job was done. When the last mass meeting came to a close, Gorky, the poet laureate of Russia, who plumbed in his early days the "lower depths" himself, muttered as he was leaving the speaker's platform at Belomor: "Ah, you devils—you do not know yourselves what great things you have done."

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Becoming a Murderer

THE PURSUER. By Louis Golding. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MURDER is naturally fascinating. Some one might murder us—how could he do it? We might murder some one—how could we come to do it? It is the dilemma of detective fiction that it cannot treat these questions, for if we know what goes on in the murderer's soul we know who the murderer is, and there is no mystery. So, side by side with the development of the detective story from the true novel of Wilkie Collins to the sort of three-move problem (and on past that meridian toward the novel again) we have seen an increasing popularity for narratives of actual crimes of the past. And as the most recent step we have various books in which the central fact is a murder, but not a mystery. Of these is "The Pursuer." In it you will see how a man can turn into a murderer, and what being a murderer does to him.

The book is a study of the relation between two men; and the pressure of one spirit on the other is the theme of the book throughout. At the beginning they are schoolboys, with an instinctive dislike between them that might turn into friendship if they would once fight it out; but one of them will not stand to fight it out; he is always the one to take flight, and the other to pursue. As they grow up, and the hate between them grows, there is a satisfaction in it like that of biting on a sore tooth, till one of them is bound to seek the other for the mere irritation it will cause him; and this affair of hate is masked under the elaborate pretense of indifference, of strangerhood, that boys use to cover a calf love affair. After the hatred has reached its predestined climax of murder, the survivor is as much obsessed by fear as he was by hate; he flees, flees for years, all across Europe, sometimes evading a suspected pursuer by narrow escapes that are none the less breathless for being perhaps unnecessary.

LOUIS GOLDING

It is a breathless book, and keeps up its interest—not quite to the end; only to the beginning of the end. As one foresaw, and eagerly awaited, the murder, one begins to see the reconciliation, and to resent it. For this is not a true character-study; it is convincing, certainly, but convincing in the manner of Poe's inescapable fantasies rather than that of the psychological novel. Its interest is the macabre; and the macabre cannot really be softened into any sort of reconciliation. But until the author's kind heart betrays him, this is a book that will give the intelligent reader that fascinated shudder which is so hard to find once one has grown up.

The Saturday Review *will publish in a forthcoming number a study of the ghost story by Basil Davenport who for years has read widely in that field.*

Rococo Italy in a Picaresque Novel

THE SON OF MARIETTA. By Johan Fabricius. Translated from the Dutch by Irene Clephane and David Hallett. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $3.

Reviewed by BARTHOLD FLES

WITH the possible exception of A. M. de Jong and Jef Last, Johan Fabricius is the most popular Dutch man of letters today. Curiously enough, the first book of his trilogy was published before "Anthony Adverse," which in many respects resembles it, appeared here. Hervey Allen's novel, like "The Son of Marietta," was published in Holland in three successive volumes, and the second and third volumes were impatiently awaited after the first had made its author famous in Holland.

Originally a painter, Fabricius, who is thirty-five, began his literary career with a military romance, and two or three subsequent novels were not marked successes (one of them was published here under the title "The Loves of Mario Ferraro" and failed; "The Girl in the Blue Hat," built around the Dutch mobilization during the World War, has recently been the plot for one of the first Dutch talkies, and proved a considerable success). Another novel, "Lions Starve in Naples," made no particular impression in this country, although it had a moderate sale. But Fabricius may be considered an excellent story teller, somewhat comparable to the early Hergesheimer.

The time and setting of "The Son of Marietta" is eighteenth-century Italy. A company of strolling players, passing through the town of Todi, leave a baby, Marietta, with the innkeeper Vaccha, who promises to care for her after the mayor decides the town will pay for the

JOHAN FABRICIUS

infant's care. Marietta later runs off to a convent, and when the new Bishop of Todi visits the convent he is impressed by the girl's beautiful but untrained voice, and takes her into his service.

Marietta develops into an attractive and talented young woman and the Bishop, feeling himself dangerously drawn toward her, marries her off to Antonio, a young carpenter. The succeeding narrative deals with her experiences and the life of her son, who is reared under the patronage of the Bishop, his real father. He is precocious and musically gifted and composes a song which makes him famous overnight. He has a succession of amorous adventures although, it appears, he is in love only with Leah, the niece of his landlord. But the law eventually catches up with his succession of crimes, despite the intercession of the Bishop.

The book has all the characteristics of a picaresque novel: adventure, gallantry and cowardice, murder, and love interest. The corrupt society of the day is merely shown for what it is, no moral being pointed. The book is well written, and Fabricius has captured to perfection the hothouse atmosphere of rococo Italy, with its lovesick abbés, its bow-bedecked swains and adventurous ladies, and its nepotism. The minor characters are well-drawn.

The translators have seen fit to transfer the action from the present to the past tense. They have taken further liberties: stylistic passages of the original have been deleted with serious loss to its appeal, for in leveling it down ruthlessly many characteristic phrases and similes—practically everything which does not bring the action forward—have been eliminated. Yet there is much entertainment in it, and in spite of its ambiguous American title (the Dutch and German editions have no collective title), "The Son of Marietta" will find a public here.

Barthold Fles, born in Holland, is a critic who specializes in the foreign field.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

WE hope we break no confidence in printing (with some discreet editing) a communication from one of the Green's special correspondents in London:

> There is a bird here called —— who says he comes from Coney Island and is a friend of yours, and indeed gives convincing evidence on that. He is very amusing and wildish, and very Irish. I introduced him to M today and they talked wonders of the Irish and Ireland for an hour. Afterwards M asked me, What part of Ireland does he come from? I told him that —— was an American stage Irishman who had never seen Ireland till five years ago. —— afterwards asked me about M, what part of Ireland did he come from? I told him that M was an English stage Irishman who had only been a month in Ireland in his life. It was a terrible experience for both of them. But let us hope that it was just sent to try them.

To complete the episode we really should add that our correspondent is a Scotsman.

The Occupational Disease

We wish to quote also from a distinguished scholar who is writing a book on the Occupational Diseases of the Seventeenth Century. The work includes, she says, "A long chapter *De morbis Literatorum* by an aged professor at Padua. He had them all. You will be less depressed by the chapter on diseases of wet-nurses in the mansions of the rich and great; such documents are foolishly neglected by historians, for here you have rich thick slices of life—and for the most part it is life itself that is the occupational disease."

The Green doubts whether 1936 will bring our way any more brilliantly mordant—and true—epigram than that.

Harry B. Smith

Harry B. Smith, who earned his living writing librettos and spent it buying libraries, had more unobtrusive delicacy than most collectors of a later generation. (He died last week, just a few days after his 75th birthday.) It always pleased me that his remarkable volume *A Sentimental Library,* privately printed in 1914 (a catalogue raisonné of his extraordinary collection) did not contain that earmark of the modern de luxe and fabricated rarity, a statement of its limitation of copies. Those who are lucky enough to own that great dictionary of delight neither know nor care how many or how few were printed.

Harry Smith's death should be a lesson to me, though I know it won't, not to postpone the letters I intend to write. Taking his *Sentimental Library* from the shelf I see that years ago I marked in his charming preface, and always meant to ask him about, what was either one of the oddest slips of the pen ever made by a great bibliophile, or else (and probably more likely) a deliberate stroke of mischief to draw others into comment? He spoke of having once been offered "a pathetic scrap of paper" which was the only will and testament of John Keats. "In it he expressed the hope," said Mr. Smith, "that the sale of his books would be enough to pay his tailor a small balance due." But, speaking from memory of that letter in the printed editions, I don't believe it was that kind of tailor. Wasn't it John Taylor, his publisher, of the firm of Taylor & Hessey?

One of Mr. Smith's treasures was what was thought to be the last letter written by Charles Dickens. It was written within half an hour of his last seizure, and acknowledged the receipt of a "voltaic band" he had sent for a few days previously. This was to be worn on the right foot; "as a remedy," Dickens wrote in the third person, "against what he supposes to be neuralgia, originating in over-walking in deep snow."

In his preface to *A Sentimental Library* Harry Smith made excellent reply to the banal comment occasionally heard, that collectors do not read their volumes. He wrote:—"It does not follow that the lover of books must read the identical volumes that he collects. I know a German professor who prizes an Etruscan ewer, but I have never known him to send it for the evening's supply of foaming Pilsener. Assuredly one does not collect first editions of famous books in order to read them, but because one *has* read them. There are books that are not intended to be read. If I were the owner of the copy of Keats's Poems which Shelley had in his pocket when he was drowned, and which Trelawny threw upon the funeral pyre, I confess I should never read it, though I might keep it in a little shrine and burn incense to it. If I were going on a railway journey, and thought of reading *Vanity Fair*, I certainly should not take the copy which Thackeray sent to Mrs. Brookfield. One would not choose a first folio Shakespeare as a companion for a lonely luncheon. There are millions of books fit only to read, but there are a few that should be treasured as the relics of the saints. After the Frederickson sale, when I was carrying home the copy of Queen Mab given by Shelley to Mary, an old gentleman, a stranger, stopped me and said: "Pardon me. Would you mind letting me hold that book in my hand for a moment?" Scoff not, O reader of the six best sellers! That old man was a poet, though he had never written a line."

Far Eastern Notes

SIR:—I had the high privilege in Tokyo of seeing Congressmen plain, for the first time in my life. They composed the delegation to the Philippine Inauguration ceremonies, the shepherd of the flock being Mr. Garner. The new Manila Government, having apparently more money than it knows what to do with, invited the boys over to see what they'd lost for us and hear the bands play.

So it was that early one morning in the Imperial Hotel I saw them come in to breakfast; a fine body of men, eyes a little bloodshot (perhaps from too much reading) but all very well groomed and barbered. And speaking of reading, Taka-

REGINALD DE KOVEN AND HARRY B. SMITH
From "First Nights and First Editions" by Harry B. Smith (Little, Brown).

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hashi, the bookseller in the Imperial lobby, told me he had had, thanks to the delegation, a record day. He sold from 5 to 20 copies to each Congressman, or consort, of the issue of the *Tokyo Advertiser* which blazoned their arrival.

I'm enclosing a photo of an extraordinary proceeding—coaling ship hand to hand. I don't know what ship this is but I saw the same thing at Nagasaki on my way to Manila in the *Empress of Asia*. We took on 3000 tons in about eight hours. Women work alongside the men and nobody lets down a minute. It's neat team work. It was also at Nagasaki on my way back that I saw a very pretty nautical manœuver. Not with a sailboat or a speed boat but with four laden coal barges. They were on our port-side, in tow of a launch; the first two abreast, the others single file. The barge crew was one man on forward and two men on aft barge. A stiff breeze was blowing into which the launch headed. At the proper moment everything happened so fast I could hardly take it all in. The launch let go her tow line, swung round to port well clear of the Tow and headed for her next load. The chap on barge No. 1 swung to starboard, then jumped alongside to the other, let go the lines, and did the same to her. He then let go the line aft, releasing barge 3, which quite crewless, swung nicely around in the wind, in the same direction. The man on barge 4 let *his* bow line go and headed for his opening. So there for five minutes was a picture of 4 barges arranged *en echelon* all headed for their proper places on our port side. And they all got there without a bump, aided of course by other barge crews already alongside.

W. S. Hall.

COALING SHIP AT NAGASAKI

The Education of Chaucer

Mr. G. A. Plimpton, head of a great publishing house and collector of old books and MSS important in the history of education, has a way of saying the most startling things quite gently and without previous warning. He began his book *The Education of Shakespeare* with a remark which Harry Hansen justly called "about as exciting a sentence as a bookman ever penned." That sentence was: "It has been my privilege to get together the manuscripts and books which are more or less responsible for our present civilization." And now, in his *The Education of Chaucer,* just issued by the Oxford Press ($2), he quite casually blows up a tradition that has been current among bibliophiles for generations. He tells us that the Gutenberg Bible was *not* the first book ever printed from movable type. It was preceded by a textbook of grammar, the *Eight Parts of Speech,* "written by Aelius Donatus, a Roman grammarian of the fourth century." This little textbook, Mr. Plimpton says, "was used in Europe for over a thousand years and was known as the *Donat*. It was so important and so constantly in demand that Gutenberg printed it even before he published the great Bible."

Among many other interesting remarks in Mr. Plimpton's book (which is generously illustrated with photos of his treasures) I note that his MS copy of Chaucer's treatise on the astrolabe once belonged to Sir Kenelm Digby. Also that he owns two fifteenth-century MS fragments of the *Roman de la Rose*. My chief interest in the latter is in the extraordinary adventure that befell one of its MS copies—perhaps the original one, now preserved in the museum at Meaux in France.

When the German invasion threatened Meaux in 1918, many treasures were moved to Dijon for safe-keeping. They were on their way back from Dijon in a baggage-car on the railway, about the beginning of the year 1920, when the cases were broken into by thieves and the *Roman de la Rose* MS disappeared. It was later found—with fine appropriateness, in a rose-bush—in a garden beside the railway at Châtillon-sur-Seine. It was later explained that the old volume had been packed in a chocolate box; the thieves thought they were discovering something good to eat; when they found it was only old parchments they simply chucked it out of the train.

This incident has occasionally almost prompted me to read Chaucer's version of the poem, but up to now I have never got beyond the first 146 lines.

Postscript

Since writing the note above about Harry B. Smith I've looked up Keats's allusion to the "Taylor." It comes in the famous enclosure in his last letter to John Taylor; the MS itself is now in the J. P. Morgan collection. The fact that the letter itself is addressed to the publisher Taylor leaves some uncertainty whether "my Taylor" in the postscript is actually a tailor or an affectionate allusion to his printer. Presumably the Keats experts have covered this point long ago.

Rise and Fall of Symbolism

(*Continued from page 4*)

liberated in the man something that was really free, disinterested, and just as intoxicating as gin. For Rimbaud the only heaven was intensity. He disdained all processes and tricks; he discarded all literary methods; he simply tried to reach a point where all the mental and emotional power of man came to such a climax that nothing else mattered, nothing else existed, and he was entirely himself and entirely free. Mallarmé thought that heaven was a kind of association of ideas. After all association of ideas and feelings is what connects us with the world. If, when we see a piece of red beef, we can think of open air, country, landscapes, or of all the color values of a rich red, instead of money or digestion, then beef is no more a food but a landscape, or a color, and a joy. So you see, if we only manage to associate our impressions in a certain way, and dreams in a proper order, we completely change the world around us and in us; thus we can eliminate everything that is drab, and create something that is completely satisfactory and esthetic.

Verlaine created musical mysticism in poetry, Rimbaud, the technique of abstract and magic concentration, and Mallarmé the grammar of esthetic associations. It was new; and it is still new. They made new rules, they invented new feelings, new scandals, and new mistakes. They had followers; painters dreamed of what they were doing and translated it into painting; the school of Cezanne and the paintings of Picasso are the translation of these theories into the field of art. Musicians became interested in them—Satie, Debussy, Ravel, the Six, Stravinsky, the latest music composers of France, of Germany, of Italy, and of America, have been under their influence. All have tried to break the emphatic technique bequeathed to them by the Romanticists, and to insist on the creative side of art.

The futurists in Italy, in Germany—Rainer Maria Rilke and Stefan Georg first, then the expressionists—took the hint from them. James Joyce is their heir, as well as T. S. Eliot. The career of Gertrude Stein started in France in the atmosphere created by them, and in the company of painters who were following their leadership. Symbolism has been more than a school, it has been more than a movement, it has been an era. For sixty years in France successive generations of Symbolist poets have sprung and reigned over French poetry. Francis Jammes appeared as a disciple of Verlaine, Claudel as a follower of Rimbaud, Valéry as the successor of Mallarmé. Then the Cubists — Guillaume Apollinaire, Max

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Jacob, Jean Cocteau—brought in the new and drastic discipline which resulted from the first experiments of the Symbolists. Finally with the Dadaists and the Surrealists it reached a climax, after which there was nothing possible except death.

The game is over, but it has been a great game, and it has been the most valuable contribution of the Western world to the esthetics of civilization since 1300.

If you wonder about this statement, I ask you to meditate on the amount of discussion, hatred, and ill-will that this modern art has encountered, that it is still facing. Only very great and important things are so bitterly opposed.

Most people, even in 1936, would tell you that these painters, musicians, and writers are crazy, that they have distorted art and quite positively misunderstood the value of language, the meaning of meaning. They are accused of trying to speak the language of angels and of achieving the eloquence of parrots. When they are taken seriously they are considered as social criminals.

That is their great claim to glory; it is the only great human vent during the last three centuries that has not been used by social life and that cannot be. Everything else, fascism, communism, aviation, materialism, revolution, finally becomes social and a habit, while the work of the Symbolists stays individual and original.

Some people may wonder if their influence was good for the language. Isn't a language a social medium and a political habit? What is left of a language if one destroys or abolishes its social content? Most people would answer that nothing is left of it.

It is not so. It is a mistake to compare words with coins or medals. Words are like trees; their foliage and trunks rise into the open air, into the social milieu; but their roots are deeply embedded in the psychology of the individual. A word is more than a formula that describes an outside thing, more than a piece of money that enables a man to get a social service; a word is a psychological attitude. Did you ever walk alone and leisurely in a big city, without going anywhere particularly, and without doing anything except getting in touch with the crowd that haunts a big city? If you have done so, you must have realized that you were surrounded by a mass of human beings who were walking like you, and mumbling, saying words that were not meant to be heard by anybody, but simply to *be*, and to live in themselves. They may be names, or bits of songs, or a few incoördinate syllables, but those bums, and those wanderers who fill big cities, are using them, living with them or rather through them. These words are part of their inner selves. And also, if you have been in a war, if you have watched men, young men and old men, strong men and weak men, wounded men and sick men, trying to live and achieving death; if you have been near them during those long, slow hours when they are cutting loose from all habits, and breaking their ties with existence, you have remarked that the last thing that lives in a man whose life is leaving him is not movement, nor ideas, nor visions, nor love or hatred, nor even the will to live, nor joy or pain, but words. As long as the man breathes, as long as the fight is not over, those few syllables haunt him, and seem to keep together what is left of life in him. He hangs to them, they hang to him. They are not meant to convey anything to you, or to anybody, or even to God; they are simply there because he is still there and because they are he. And they generally do not stop until the heart has ceased beating. Words are part of the human soul.

They have to be, otherwise they cease being words. Any language whose words do not live in men, but simply in society or in books, is dead and sterile. What was more beautiful and riper and more systematic, and richer and more glorious than the Latin language between the seventh and the seventeenth centuries with all the fame of Rome and the spiritual and social prestige of the Catholic Church? Nevertheless the hundreds of thousands of people who used it, who tried to transmit their joys and sorrows, dreams and hopes, through its medium, were frustrated; nothing is left of it. While at the same time poor and ignorant peoples, who were using half-born and half-baked languages, were able to write works of art which are still alive, the Nibelungenlied, the Song of Roland, Tristram and Yseult.

Latin was social but dead, and everything written in Latin was dead. This fate was the fate that would have menaced the great Western European languages in the nineteenth century if the Symbolist school had not come. English and French were becoming imperial languages; their fields were immensely broadened; they were being used by populations for whom they were strictly a social tool and not an inborn necessity. Real French, the French of the Ile de France, belongs to ten or fifteen millions of people, while more than one hundred and twenty millions of people speak French. It is even worse for England. And to add to this calamity these languages had become standardized languages, upon which dictionaries had put a lid. The French and the English of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were stable languages but living languages, which were supple and obedient, and ready to follow the wishes of the people who used them. And the intimacy between the people and their words was so great that each word was connected with the whole atmosphere, with the whole gamut of impressions and experiences. But from 1800 on words have become like our modern automobiles; they are given a license, and are not allowed to change it. They cannot grow, they can only die or get thin, pale, empty. For most English-speaking peoples, for most French-speaking peoples, words are definitions and entirely disconnected from the soil, the circumstance, and the atmosphere which gave them birth. Hence the vagueness, the empty sonority of the late Romanticist poetry. Hence the feeling of cheap emphasis that all these long tirades of the late nineteenth century poetry give. All the European languages were then in full decadence.

The principal achievement of the Symbolist school, and of its great poets, whether Verlaine, or Rimbaud, or Mallarmé, or Claudel, or Valéry, or Rainer Maria Rilke, or Georg, or Marinetti, or James Joyce, or Gertrude Stein, has been to oblige men to meditate upon words, to live with them, and to give them again a place to live in themselves. It has seemed shocking and surprising for many people, it was so new and so unexpected, but it has revivified the great Western European languages. French of 1936, owing to the work and experiments and dreams and music of the Symbolists, is a much richer and more interesting language than French of 1860, and it offers a great many new possibilities. It has even changed the accent of many French words and of French sentences. And who would deny that in America the work of Miss Stein, the novels of Sherwood Anderson, of Hemingway, and of the others, have built a new bridge between the individual consciousness and the language?

Of course, what has messed up everything has been the childishness of newspapermen, who have to associate these bold efforts and these daring experiments with political movements, saying for instance that they constitute "a radical literature" or "the literary left," as if there was any logical connection between the discoveries and aims of this modern school and the tendencies of the radical and socialist groups.

They are in fact quite opposite. The great dream of the "left" in politics and social life has been to build masses, to create a social consciousness, and to make life better for a greater number. But Symbolism has been opposing everything that was social in language, in poetry, in music, and in painting. Symbolism is the effort of the individual to find a new medium of individualistic expression and to deepen his own personality at a time when the trend of life is running towards collectivity. Radical politics can have helped Symbolistic poetry only as a bloody war helps to bring peace.

Modern poetry has nothing to do with democracy or progress. It cannot live when and where people think socially. It is meant to foster, not the revolt of the masses, but the revolt of the individual.

Bernard Faÿ, best known in America as the author of an excellent biography of Benjamin Franklin, is also the author of a book entitled "Since Victor Hugo" in which several of the chapters are given over to discussion of the Symbolist poets whom he mentions more briefly above.

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Modern Psychiatry

DESTINY AND DISEASE IN MENTAL DISORDERS. By C. Macfie Campbell, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by ADOLF MEYER, M.D.

DR. CAMPBELL takes us into a workshop through which hundreds pass in the hope of repair: "In these lectures a brief account is given of many troubled lives, and an attempt to formulate them in terms of the human personality grappling with the special difficulties of its individual destiny, putting the detailed studies of the impersonal processes in their right perspective."

The first chapter depicts trends in psychiatry which mark the progress shown in the lifetime and personal achievement of Thomas W. Salmon in its character of transformation. From the period of Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" through the spirit of Beer's "The Mind that Found Itself," Salmon emerged with a new trend facing constructively neglect and prejudice in relation to mental disorder. The last century closed apparently with two outstanding culminations. Freud stipulated unconscious factors behind ideas of reference, hallucinatory voices, and visual images sharing with hysteria and compulsion neurosis their origin in "repressed tendencies and memories," actually further from a recognition of the personality than Campbell implies. On the other hand, Nissl had promised an explanation of mental disease in terms of what he thought he had attained in a precise formulation of the histopathological picture in general paralysis. The emphasis of the times lay on the impersonal mechanisms underlying abnormal human behavior and on psychology in analogy with what could be borrowed from physiology. In reality psychiatry had to develop the courage of its own problems and its own resources.

Nature cannot be adequately analyzed by the methods of chemistry and physiology and general biology. One has to do justice to *thought*, that complex symbolizing activity by means of which the individual grasps the external world and brings it within manageable compass.

The end of the last and the beginning of the present century brought more and more of the study of the individual "as an example of human nature in difficulty," not confining itself to either merely physiological or merely psychological categories, and it brought a truer conception of pathology. The psychiatrist emerges from a kind of dualistic "amphibian life" to a new tripartite emphasis upon impersonal, personal, and environmental interests.

The second lecture deals with "the Stuff of Life and Schizophrenic Reaction." "With a schizophrenic patient the psychiatrist is dealing with more than a disease; he is dealing with a fragment of an individual destiny." Campbell brings before us forty-five condensed sketches, which he groups as types of mere conflict and turmoil, others with restriction of interest and lack of response, and a third series with a delusional picture of the outside world dominating the clinical picture.

The third lecture presents the intrinsic unity of events that hardly are felt as disease, in the Salem trial of 1692, the stupor-like episode in the life of Liszt, the visions and conceptions of Schopenhauer long before Freud's systematization of sex and dream patterns, and the strange developments in the lives of Comte and Father Doyle in the midst of efficiency—they all blend into a picture of man and life which is not explained by formal diagnoses.

Dr. Campbell's lectures offer a factual contribution as well as orientation to those who make a cult of psychiatry or decry it with impatience and offer sham solutions. No reader will be tempted any longer to see or seek salvation for these general and special human problems in one-sided panaceas and formulas. The volume is an auspicious opening of a series of presentations of psychiatric facts and thought, a memorial to a highly valued and much beloved physician.

Dr. Meyer is psychiatrist in chief of Johns Hopkins Hospital.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CORPSE IN THE CRIMSON SLIPPERS *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	English house party "suicide," with too many empty shells around, starts Mr. Tolefree on thrilling chase.	Double-barrelled baffler, with mysterious cryptogram, desperate counterfeiters, excitement no end.	Grade A
DEAD MAN MANOR *Valentine Williams* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Two murders, in and near "haunted" seignorial château in Canada, interest Mr. Treadgold, amateur sleuth.	Rich in atmosphere, spooky, filled with action — there's romance and hidden jools. The sleuthing is believable.	Worthwhile
THE LOSS OF THE "JANE VOSPER" *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Unexplainable explosions sink freighter-steamer. Insurance detective, hot on trail, is murdered. Insp. French takes over, nabs gang.	After exciting deep-sea beginning, tale moves to England, settles down, and reveals thorough-going Inspector F. at his best.	Leisurely, but good

Turkey for the Turks

THE TURKISH TRANSFORMATION. By Henry Elisha Allen. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by NERMIN MUVAFFAK

NO doubt Mr. Allen feels that he is well within the ranks of that, alas, not very compact minority which is able to think of the terrible Turks without "bias." His book is a "study in social and religious development" covering the Kemalist period and prefaced by a very able historical introduction of five pages or so. He made two trips to Turkey before writing it and has gathered together an impressive array of Turkish opinion on questions of interest to him. His bibliography, Turkish and foreign, is excellent.

Mr. Allen's interest is of such a nature that his search for trends in Turkey is guided, one might even say conditioned, by certain possibilities. Cautiously he feels his way, intelligently he sees the obstacles, and thus do his conclusions present themselves to our eye: "Pragmatic as Turkey now is, and ready to accept from the West whatever she feels will contribute to the strengthening of her national society, philanthropists may assume that any essential features of their culture and religion will be eventually requested by a nation so avowedly eclectic as Turkey now is. It would be a great tactical blunder on the part of those who wish to share Christianity with the Turks to make an effort to force their ideals down Turkish throats. The antagonism which would be aroused by such activity would delay indefinitely the achievement of those very ends so earnestly desired by Turkey's well-wishing foreign friends."

There you have it. The problem which is to him most passionately crucial of all is this: How much hope is there that the Turks may eventually turn Christian, or failing that, and as an obvious second-best possibility, put some new life into the Moslem religion? An immediate overwhelming interest in religion is, he admits regretfully, impossible. But "patience and forbearance must be manifested" and perhaps, if the missionaries wait, and make no tactical blunders, perhaps the great day may come.

There is here a confusion of issues, and of issues within issues. So far as the future of foreign "educational" enterprises in Turkey is concerned, Mr. Allen himself has gathered conclusive material as to the Turkish attitude. The hours of such enterprises are numbered. A statement by Ahmed Emin, which Mr. Allen quotes in his book, might find its place here: "Those of philanthropic temper who wish to help us must do this exclusively with Turkish hands and for the needs of Turkey. The Americans have given vast assistance to the University of Brussels, but in return for this assistance they did not seek to open an American University in Brussels. Humanitarian assistance which can be given to Turkey can only be of this kind."

Nermin Muvaffak, granddaughter of a famous Turkish poet, is a graduate of the American College for Women in Constantinople.

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A London Letter

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THERE have been recently a number of foreign writers in London. The most notable whom I have met were Jules Romains and Stefan Zweig. Romains, author of a huge novel of which the hero is Paris and its history, an epic of French life in the near past, is a short, rather stocky figure, with a fine head and the impersonal regard of a physician. He was entertained by the London P. E. N. Desmond MacCarthy was in the chair. MacCarthy was Romains's first translator, and his best; his rendering of "La Morte de Quelqu'un," Romains's *unanimiste* novel, was published nearly twenty-five years ago. In his speech at the P. E. N. dinner Jules Romains passionately defended the liberty of the author, the artist's right to be free from political control, and his obligation to struggle resolutely against any effort to impose political shackles on the arts. This question of the freedom of the author becomes more pressing every month in Europe. It is most urgent in Germany, from which country so many authors have been exiled, while their property has been "appropriated" by the state. The plight of those authors whose work was "occasional"—for example, the literary and dramatic critics—is by far the hardest; for they have now no longer any market for their wares. The dramatists—Ernst Toller is a notable example—are also badly hit: for the London theatre is of little use for them. Experimental plays, propagandist plays, plays with a profounder purpose than easy entertainment are rarely successful on the London stage. The novelists and historians are better off. Their books find a sale, after they have been published in Holland, Switzerland, or France, among those who can read German; and in translation they often reach an even wider audience.

W. B. Yeats was in London and was present at the production of three of his plays for a series of afternoon performances at the Little Theatre. He told me that he has practically finished his anthology of twentieth century poetry which is to be published by the Oxford University Press. It will, I fancy, be a peculiarly individual selection. Some of Yeats's enthusiasms I have never been able to share. He it is who has been largely responsible for confirming Ezra Pound in that author's belief that he is a poet of importance, and a critic whose judgment on literature has more than the capricious value that attaches to every forcible idiosyncratic author. There is something in Pound's mannered impoliteness and deliberate violence which has always fascinated Yeats. So might a thoroughbred admire the stubborn behavior and antic, vehement rudeness of a mule. I am glad to say that Yeats's anthology will do justice, in so far as an anthology can, to two poets who, I think, are neglected—Lady Dorothy Wellesley and W. J. Turner—and we may trust to find a proper recognition of Yeats's old friend and fellow-countryman, Oliver Gogarty, whose versions of old Irish poems are as remarkable as his own too infrequent excursions into verse.

One of the most remarkable women now writing in England is Mary Butts. She is a descendant of that William Butts who was William Blake's patron. He used to give Blake a fixed sum for any painting which that genius brought to him. Mary Butts has been writing now for some years, and has never had the success to which her merits entitle her. She began as a writer of short stories of great promise, an art to which she has returned with signal success: she has written two novels, "Ashe of Rings" and "The Death of Felicity Taverner," which are among the most original fiction of our time. For many years she lived in Paris—the Paris of Hemingway and MacAlmon, of Joyce and Stein. Since her return to England she has lived in Cornwall, near Land's End, and her two most recent books are astonishing reconstructions of the past—"The Macedonian" and "Cleopatra." I think her work in this kind is better than Robert Graves's and Jack Lindsay's. Her lamp of learning has a clearer wick than theirs. Her portrait of Alexander in "The Macedonian" is a work of great imaginative beauty: she makes that Conqueror and his time live for us not by the rather cheap device of translating him and his period into our own day, but by taking us back into his. She can keep the strangeness and wonder of that time of strange magic, when men walked as gods and were worshipped; and yet she makes the marvel intelligible. "Cleopatra" is a successful effort to remove from that wonderful Greek—Cleopatra was no more Egyptian than is the Emperor of Ethiopia a negro—the obloquy with which Roman legend has slandered her. Those two books have had a good critical reception

The SON of Marietta
The world, in all her luxuriance, offered herself to him—
THROUGHOUT a life crowded with adventure, intrigue and escapade, driven by the ambitious, restless blood of a strange inheritance, Benedetto, son of Marietta, whether as the beloved scapegrace of the provincial city or the toast of decaying Venice, is a romantic figure whose story will alternately make the blood race and the eyes fill. A magnificent novel that burns with the heat of a midday Italian sun; glows with the warm tones of the Italian countryside; stabs with the bright, pungent colors and the pulsing, throbbing life of 18th-century Venice.
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over here, but have not, I fancy, had so great a popular reception as Naomi Mitchison's reconstructions of the past. Mary Butts has nearly finished an autobiography which Heinemann is to publish next year. It should be an exciting book.

From imagined to real history. Would not any woman's head go a little higher, and heart beat a trifle faster at the discovery that an ancestress had been married at Naples in the days of Sir William Hamilton, and that the incomparable Emma herself had been a witness at the nuptials? Such a wedding was the luck of Betzy Wynne, whose diaries have just been published by the Oxford University Press. They are edited by the wife of one of Betzy's descendants—Anne Fremantle. Mrs. Fremantle, whose husband is a son of Lord Cottesloe, herself comes from a distinguished family. Her grandfather, Mountstuart Grant Duff, was a well-known figure in Victorian London. He was one of those men who "knew everybody." A member of Grillon's and of The Club (Doctor Johnson's Club) he was the friend of statesmen, politicians, men of letters, philosophers, and ecclesiastics; and his diary is an invaluable guide to the London of his day. Mrs. Fremantle inherits her grandfather's combination of literary and political interests. She wrote a penetrating little book on George Eliot; and stood as a Labor candidate against Duff Cooper at the election recently over. (Is one wrong in thinking that the British, the French, and the Americans are remarkable in their power to hold on to the past without becoming lost to the claims of the present? For that she understands the past and appreciates it is clear enough from Mrs. Fremantle's notes in Betzy Wynne's Diary.) The diary itself contains much new matter of great historical interest, including a letter from Betzy's husband, who was with Lord Nelson's Fleet, at the Battle of Trafalgar. When I looked at the book in typescript, however, I found its personal disclosure of Betzy's charming character even more fascinating than the sidelights on history and on European life, especially in France and Italy, at the opening of last century.

R. Ellis Roberts, formerly literary editor of Time and Tide *(London), is the author of books of poetry and criticism.*

The Causes of War

WAR TOMORROW: WILL WE KEEP OUT? Headline Books, No. 1. Edited by Ryllis Alexander Goslin. New York: The Foreign Policy Association. 1935. *35 cents.*

WAR IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Newton Diehl Baker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $1.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE Headline Books, prepared by the Department of Popular Education of the Foreign Policy Association with the coöperation of the Association's research staff, are designed for readers who lack the specialist's background and have little time, and perhaps little inclination, for "serious" reading, but who are nevertheless interested in international affairs and want to understand present-day international situations. If the first issue of the series is a fair sample of what is to follow, the books, in addition to being handsomely printed, will combine useful popular information and much-needed warning with suggestions which, in the present state of the world, must be regarded as somewhat ideal if not impracticable.

Using simple language and reinforcing the text with a number of graphic illustrations, the book first tells how America became involved in the World War, and then goes on to indicate some of the economic, political, and emotional influences that may cause another war, to point out the weakness of the existing peace machinery and the dangers of an armament race, and to discuss preparedness, coöperation, and neutrality as possible means of keeping the country out of another conflict. What is said at these various points is well adapted to make the reader think. As far as any immediate future is concerned, however, the question of the book's title must apparently be answered in the negative. "As long as there is war anywhere in the world," the authors remind us, "we are in danger of being drawn into it or of being hurt by it," and it is accordingly "imperative that we join with the other nations in an intelligent effort to eliminate the causes of war." To make that effort effective, "it may be necessary to make fundamental changes in the social and economic structure," for the reason that the causes of war "are part of the warp and woof of our social and economic life" and "arise out of the competitive struggle for material wealth and political power." Most readers who do any thinking will probably conclude that since such fundamental changes cannot in any event be made very soon, the best that can be done now is to adhere as long as possible to neutrality—a course in which the authors of the book do not seem to have much confidence—and await the inevitable.

Mr. Baker's book, originally an address on a War Memorial Foundation at Milton Academy, was written for delivery in May, before the Italo-Ethiopian controversy had darkened the sky. It is a sensible and temperate examination of the causes of war in the inherent conflicts of national interest, the need of natural resources, and the demand for security, and a restrained plea for American coöperation with the League and the World Court and for effective implementation of the Kellogg Pact. By way of illustration, Mr. Baker makes a statement of the case for Japan in Manchuria that deserves to be widely read.

Mrs. Deland Recalls

IF THIS BE I. By Margaret Deland. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1935. $2.

MRS. DELAND says, in the introduction to her childhood reminiscences, that she wishes "to tell the truth and shame the devil of Fiction." She succeeds remarkably well. This is a very honest and delightful account of Maggie, her alter ego, who was a child in the 1860's.

The title of the book comes from the nursery rhyme about the old woman who had her petticoats cut off and cried, "But if it be I, as I suppose it be . . ." ending up "Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I." Now that is not quite Mrs. Deland's feeling about Maggie. She does not disown her entirely, for they are curiously alike. Maggie was a frank child and her truthfulness has persisted and flowered.

The Civil War memories are one of the most interesting parts of the book. Nowhere is the honesty more apparent, for Mrs. Deland has told what she remembered, precisely and exactly from the point of view of a child, never embroidering or adding. We get a true child's-eye view of the time, a small vivid world, like looking at history through the wrong end of an opera glass. There are no Great Events. Just Maggie watching troop trains go by near Allegheny, Pennsylvania. Maggie playing "Beat the Rebels" and "Hang Jeff Davis." Maggie proposing in a loud, eager voice (at the age of five) to a drummer boy in a street car. "Sojer boy, will you marry me?" she said admiringly, and then her horrified aunt jerked her off the car.

In the later chapters, Maggie discovers Law, Justice, Compassion, Honor, Death, Truth, God, Vanity, and Nature.

The book is full of excellent detail for the student of the period. It is honest and vigorous. Trust Maggie for that!

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
SCARLET AND WHITE *Olive Wadsley* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	As English as fog. Mother with phony ideas and three children rips off high pressure tactics in peddling the offspring to moneyed mates.	Goodish
PROPOSAL *Anne Stretton* (Morrow: $2.)	Novel	A mere wisp of a gal with just scads of dough and beauty. First of course the dippy parties and then the real guy.	Semi-Sanka
PISTOL PASSPORT *Eugene Cunningham* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Western	Framed on a murder rap, Steve Drago, scrams the jail-house; hies himself to an elegant cattle war and—comes the dawn and vindication.	Potent

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The New Books

Fiction

FAR ENOUGH. By Eugenie de Kalb. Stokes. 1936. $2.50.

In the introductory note to her novel Miss de Kalb writes: "I grasped the fact that there was a story of a people in South Africa that had never been told in fiction. This was the Great Trek of the nineteenth century—the stuff of which sagas are made." She proceeded to amass all of the materials for that story, complete and first hand data on the Boers, the Kaffirs, the British, the languages, the customs, the historic events of the trek, the characteristics of every foot of relevant terrain. It was not for lack of stuff that the saga itself was not forthcoming, nor was it for lack of the writer's zeal and sincerity, which are everywhere apparent. Yet the finest of materials and the best of purposes will not make a saga, or a novel either, without the catalytic agent of technique, without the ability to organize and arrange material in its most telling order, without mastery of a prose that will contain in itself the echo of great events. Miss de Kalb's introductory note is really more interesting than the novel that follows it, because she did not work as hard at the novelist's task as she did at the task of research.

N. L. R.

FURIOUS YOUNG MAN. By I. A. R. Wylie. Little, Brown. 1936. $2.50.

We have a good deal of respect for the popular magazine writing of Miss Wylie. She does not "concoct" as much as most. She has an inquiring mind and is interested in the significant things that are happening in the world today. She has character and, on occasion, indignation.

This novel starts with a young English communist who leads a hunger march to London, knocks out a "bobby," and escapes to Russia with a cockney follower. He is full of anger and bitterness and enthusiasm for revolution. He is also of an old English family, not born to the proletariat but one of them through flaming conviction. He is completely fed up and through with an old order that seems to him the fountain-head of monstrous injustice. In Russia he feels profoundly drawn toward a young woman of the people, thrilled by her directness, strength, and burning zeal for the new order. He marries her, and he goes to work for the new order as does his cockney follower who, however, is quite bewildered by the whole new set-up and continues to regard himself as among "furriners."

What chiefly happens is that the two different types of Englishmen become involved in behalf of individuals who are being unjustly treated under a whole-souled regime that, while exalting the proletariat, has naturally been unable to change human beings into saints. Even among the most impeccably communistic, the worst traits of human nature manifest themselves along with the best. Why shouldn't they? Suddenly the Englishmen, in their pity for certain individuals, find themselves a minority. They are suspected of betraying the Toiling Masses. Soon enough they are before the tribunal. There is imprisonment, flight, death, escape, much excitement at the end of the book. Finally the little cockney is dead, Tor's brother is dead, and Tor and Shirley are returning to England.

A novel, of course, is no more than a narrative of how certain kinds of people behave under certain conditions. In the main it seems that Miss Wylie's characters would naturally have behaved about as they did, though a few of the situations are "set-ups." The book is certainly in no sense to be read as The Whole Truth About Russia. It has its own bias. Nevertheless it is a thoughtful book, often very well written; and its presentation of the struggle between the individual and the collectivist ideal is decidedly interesting.

W. R. B.

OLD HOME TOWN. Rose Wilder Lane. Longmans, Green. 1935. $2.

We all of us know something about the town of which Mrs. Lane writes. If we have no closer knowledge of it we have at least driven through it, and seen its leafy streets, its meagre houses, and its unfenced yards. Mrs. Lane has set herself the task of showing us this small town as it existed thirty years ago, and has made her memories of the life there into a series of loosely connected chapters, which now and then take on the form and sharpness of short stories. She shows us that now vanished life in all its rigidity and poverty and fundamental savorlessness, but at the same time turns its human material to lively use. The very restrictions of the mold lend a touch of drama to the slightest human rebellion.

Mrs. Lane, while telling us entertainingly of the ways and ideas of this not very long ago past, of its church-going and its tight morality, its gossip, and its almost medieval conceptions of medicine, has nevertheless preserved the point of view of a thoughtful and detached observer. Her book might have gained by a still greater detachment; a little more aloofness of point of view could have pruned her sketches of a certain glibness and facility in their telling, and given them a distinction and character that they lack. Only one chapter stays vividly in the memory, the story called "Thankless Child," with its really horrifying melodrama subdued to the quiet color of village life.

C. C.

Miscellaneous

DANCE. By Lincoln Kirstein. Putnam's. 1935. $5.

This is a convenient collection of innumerable facts about classical theatrical dancing set down in chronological order. Covering the entire field starting with primitive dancing, then progressing through Egyptian, Greek, Roman, to medieval, and so on to the immediate ballet of the 1930s, it records all the outstanding developments, personalities, publications of twenty-five centuries. In less than a year Mr. Kirstein has written a book that would have taken anyone else five years. But there are disadvantages to his haste. Where he has been forced for lack of time to use secondary sources his history is undigested and has made dull reading. Also, of course, secondary sources detract from scholarly authority.

The book seems to fall into two parts. The early part is a dry recording awk-

(*Continued on next page*)

1837 1937

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CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY. By E. M. Delafield. *Harpers.*

DISRAELI. By André Maurois. *Appleton-Century.*

EASTER SUN. By Peter Neagoe. *Coward-McCann.*

An Omnibus Reply

E. T. of Philadelphia, Pa., who is a great admirer of the earlier writings of James Lane Allen of THE KENTUCKY CARDINAL and THE CHOIR INVISIBLE fame, writes in saying she would like to have made clear what happened to that writer in his later years that he so disappointed the hopes of his readers. Whatever there was in his life that influenced his work I'm sure she will find discussed or implied in a volume which appeared early last year entitled JAMES LANE ALLEN AND THE GENTEEL TRADITION (University of North Carolina Press) in which the author, Mr. G. C. Knight, presents not only a biography but a facet of literary history. The book is an interesting one which will repay the reading quite aside from the light it throws on E. T.'s special problem. From *E. L. F.* in distant *Bananera, Guatemala,* comes the request for the title of a book on horses, "ordinary horses, not particularly blooded stock. Something on the general care of horses; saddle horses are the kind we are interested in." It's particularly with them (as its title indicates) that William G. L. Taylor's THE SADDLE HORSE: HIS CARE, TRAINING AND RIDING (Holt) deals. Next comes an inquiry from *P. R. of Sinking Spring, Pa.,* who wants to know of an American history which a small boy of seven who lives in Washington and is interested in what it symbolizes for the nation might read. That's something of a poser, for apparently the historians and writers of history hardly expect a lad of his tender years to be interested in the annals of his country. For its beginnings and earliest period, however, he might go to the pictorial account of its discovery and establishment to be found in Randolph G. Adams's THE GATEWAY TO AMERICAN HISTORY (Little, Brown), in which the text is a gloss on the pictures, and if he's a precocious youth he'll probably be interested in Elsie Singmaster's THE BOOK OF THE UNITED STATES (Doubleday, Doran), even if it is intended for children a few years his elders. Regarding the question of *H. S. B. of Wellsboro,* Pa., as to the exact title of a book about the Brownings, "something like TWO ON PARNASSUS," all I can suggest is that possibly the volume she has in mind is a semi-juvenile volume entitled TWO POETS, A DOG, AND A BOY (Lippincott), by Frances Teresa Russell. At least the book has the word "two" in the title and the poets to whom it refers are the Brownings. I'm at a loss for an answer to another inquiry, that of *P. M. W. of Rock Hill, S. C.,* about poets whose verse may be regarded as illustrative of the contemporary treatment of the sonnet, such poets, according to P. M. W.'s request, to postdate Jesse Stuart. Since the work of that Southern sonneteer came out, there has, of course, been much verse in the sonnet form published, but it is scattered here and there in the volumes of poets whose reputation was made before Mr. Stuart's name had been heard, or in collections of sonnets too trivial in importance to be worthy of mention. I sought the help of my colleague, Mr. Benét, in regard to P. M. W.'s inquiry, but his far-reaching knowledge of contemporary verse could furnish nothing in answer to it. As to P. M. W.'s request for titles of critical volumes on contemporary poetry I refer him to Mr. Benét's own FIFTY POETS (Dodd, Mead) and, since I can never omit mention of it when the subject of modern poetry comes up, to John Livingston Lowes's CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY (Houghton Mifflin). P. M. W. has done me a good turn by writing for he has furnished a reference for H. J. J. who in the issue of December 14 asked for a book on match tricks. P. M. W. recently found a volume entitled MATCH STICK MAKING, published by Johnson Smith & Company of Racine, Wis., and sold for fifteen cents.

Proust in Italian

In response to the inquiry made some time ago by *H. R. F. of Baltimore, Md.,* as to an Italian translation of Proust, Mr. Samuel Putnam writes me:

> I know that my friend, Aldo Capasso, has translated some portions of Proust, but how much, or how much he has published, I cannot say. Also, there were some passages in *Il Convegno* of Milan of some years ago; but my files, unfortunately, are in France. The Florentine review, *Solaria,* may also have carried excerpts.
>
> I should think the best thing for H. R. F. to do would be to write to Dr. Aldo Capasso, Piazza del Consolato 3, Altare, Savona, Italy; or to Dr. Ferdinando Garibaldi, 7, Salita Fieschina, Genoa, Italy. Dr. Garibaldi may be addressed in English. My name may be used in either case. Any information so obtained would be direct and authentic.

Help Wanted

H. H. C. of Narragansett, R. I., *writes:*

Can you help me find out who wrote a short story which I think was called "The Yellow Room"? It was an account told in the first person of a woman confined in a pleasant upper room of a country house. Its merit lay in the increasing horror of the reader as he realizes from the woman's diary that she is growing mad. I would also like to know in what collection of stories I read it.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

wardly set down. It reads often like a translation. The analysis of the use of movement in the mass of the early church is penetrating but it remains a disconnected section of the book. Beginning with the court celebrations and pageants of the Renaissance, Mr. Kirstein finds the first seeds of ballet and from here on the writing becomes eloquent.

There is a clear succession in the descent of ballet from the 16th century to the present and, unlike man, the dance can and does inherit the acquired characteristics of its ancestors. Notwithstanding the immense amount of informative detail in Mr. Kirstein's book the continuous line of development from 1550 to the present is sustained. Ballet emerges as a form embodying a glorious accumulation of wisdom of choreographers, musicians, painters, as well as dancers. When we see a ballet in 1935 in the light of such a tradition we cannot lightly pass it over as artificial.

An alluring part of the book is the one hundred and twenty-three pictures in the appendix. They are well selected, but unfortunately miserably reproduced. The notes to the pictures are printed separately so that one has to keep turning over and back. Pictures of dancing speak more eloquently than words, and a history of dancing consisting entirely of annotated pictures would make a nice companion to this volume.

E. G.

Philosophy

PRIMITIVES AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Lucien Levy-Brühl. Dutton. 1935. $5.

Professor Levy-Brühl of Paris has made peculiarly his own a chapter in the early history of mankind — so prehistoric and alien to our perspective that we see its philosophy as anthropology. His problem is to discover and interpret the primitive archaic mind. He cannot excavate and display his findings in museum cases; the psychic tale of motives, beliefs, and customs that attaches to such surviving witnesses of the ages of stone and metal, is gone. The ideology and mores of living fossils—primitives in cultural status—interviewed by anthropologists is the available substitute for reconstructing the early stages of mind in the making.

The complexion of the primitive world

(*Continued on page 22*)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 93)

JOHN DRYDEN—
"THE ART OF POETRY"

Choose a just style; be grave without restraint. . . .
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy shore.

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The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Two Fine Books

JOURNAL UP THE STRAITS. October 11, 1856-May 5, 1857. By Herman Melville. Edited with foreword by Raymond Weaver. New York: The Colophon. 1935.

AN unpublished work of Herman Melville's is an event of some importance, for Melville has come to have a definite place in American literature since the publication in 1921 of "Herman Melville—Mariner and Mystic," by Raymond Weaver. In the complete works of Melville, published by Constable, Mr. Weaver had included all of the writings save a short journal of a trip to California in 1860, one of a trip to England in 1849-50, published in Mr. Weaver's biography, and a third, of Melville's trip into the Near East in 1856-7, which is now published as "Journal Up the Straits." This last journal has baffled all who had seen it, because of the near impossibility of deciphering the involved handwriting. After many years of careful and painstaking labor Mr. Weaver has finally been able to transcribe it into intelligible form.

The publishers of *The Colophon* set out to print the journal several years ago, but the difficulties of the MS hand used by Melville have delayed the publication until now. But typographically the work is well worth waiting for—and to Melville enthusiasts the glimpses it gives of the writer's troubled years will compensate for the syncopated diary form of the text. The book has been designed by Mr. Bruce Rogers, and produced by Mr. Elmer Adler of the Pynson Printers. It is a small octavo, bound in attractive marbled cloth, with a title label. The type is Baskerville, amply leaded as it should be. The chapter heads are set in a large, flowing script. In all essentials of fine book making the volume is admirable. There is a photogravure frontispiece of Melville, from a photograph taken at Pittsfield probably in the '60s and now in possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Eleanor Melville Metcalfe, and there is also a facsimile page of Melville's difficult MS.

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS, or: The Captivity of the Oatman Girls Among the Apache and Mohave Indians. By R. B. Stratton. San Francisco: Grabhorn Press. 1935.

This volume collects into one book the varied history of the unfortunate adventures of a family of pioneers who went West in the '50s, and suffered capture, massacre, and privation among the Indians into whose hands they lucklessly fell. It is a macabre story, of a kind too familiar in the history of Western migration.

The Grabhorn Press has given it the usual studied care which it bestows on all of its volumes, though the touches of gaiety in the typography hardly comport with the gruesomeness of the tale. But as printing the volume is an expert performance.

There is a preface by Lindley Bynum, the prefaces to the editions of 1857 are reprinted, and there are some appropriately conceived and skilfully executed wood engravings by Mallette Dean. The printing is in two colors throughout. This is the second issue in the "Rare Americana" series of the Grabhorn Press, and fully sustains the high quality of these books.

Publications of Interest

POSTERS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

The "Enoch Pratt Free Library Poetry Broadsides" is a series of fifty well known poems, set in large type and printed with decorations on large sheets of different colors of paper, suitable for wall decorations. Published for the public schools of Baltimore, these have been reprinted to the extent of nearly thirteen thousand sets. The effective typography was done under the eye of Norman T. A. Munder. The Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence have been reproduced in facsimile, with introductions by J. Franklin Jameson and John C. Fitzpatrick of the Library of Congress, where the book is for sale. Mr. Munder is also responsible for these two items, bound together with a spiral binding which I am sure the "founding fathers" never dreamed of. The handwriting of the immortal documents is not very inspiring.

THE DANCER'S QUEST.

Essays on the esthetics of the Contemporary Dance, by Elizabeth Selden, have been printed in handsome style by the University of California Press. Open, well proportioned type pages are illustrated by rhythm-diagrams (Matisse could learn something here) in red. Thirty-two photogravure reproductions of photographs supplement the text. And there is a full index. I call this a first-class piece of bookmaking. It has style, it is sound in all details, there is no attempt at luxury, and the format is sympathetic with the subject. At the published price of $6 it is a model of what a trade book can be.

"RARE" BOOKS.

Christopher Morley's essay under the above title has been put into a brochure by the Booklet Press, in rarefied typography.

GIOVANNI NAPOLITANO.

Merle Armitage, whose work has had attention in this column as a designer of striking books, now writes of the above artist, and E. Weyhe publishes a paper covered book with reproductions of fifteen more or less crazy "arrangements" of the artist. But the book represents the best of present day advertising typography applied to book work.

IRELAND THROUGH TUDOR EYES

By EDWARD M. HINTON

The writings of 18 literary adventurers who took part in the subjugation of Ireland from 1558 to 1616 including: Hooker, Campion, Stanihurst, Churchyard, Bryskett, Googe, Derricke, Spenser, Raleigh, Payne, Baxter, Rych, Bodley, Harington, Markham, Prickett, Moryson and Davies.

End-paper maps, 5 illus. 111 *pages,* $2.00

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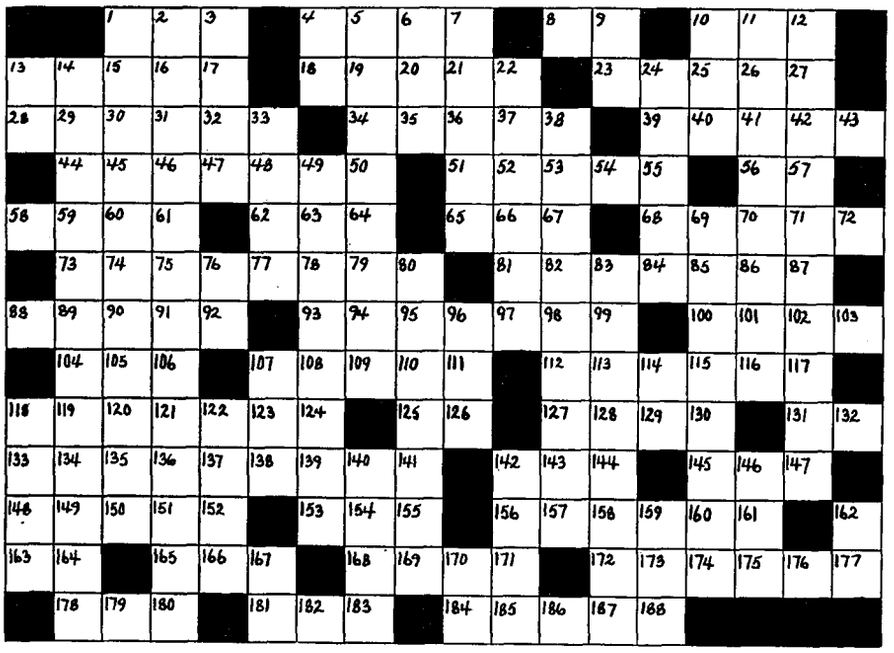
Double-Crostics: No. 94

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-nine words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

In this week's puzzle, read a hyphen between squares 17 and 18, and a dash between 177 and 178.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. A makeshift (comp.).

II. Inopportune.

III. Centaur poisoned by Hercules' arrow.

IV. Morose, cross.

V. Tediously lengthy (comp.).

VI. Famous mythical musician (Grk.).

VII. Unbearable.

VIII. Shaggy.

IX. Small Old World finch.

X. Patron saint of sailors.

XI. Accustomed.

XII. Spanish pianist and conductor.

XIII. Contemporary Russian novelist.

XIV. To lay in surrounding matter.

XV. To prate.

XVI. Poet of "Delights of the Muses" (1612-49).

XVII. Appraises for taxation.

XVIII. Corporal in Shakespeare's "Henry V."

XIX. A molasses candy.

XX. Identical in spelling, different in meaning.

XXI. Inclined.

XXII. Excess.

XXIII. Monstrous serpent.

XXIV. Urged.

XXV. A fool.

XXVI. A sulky passion.

XXVII. Appreciative vision.

XXVIII. Astringent vegetable.

XXIX. Child of Hyperion (Gr. myth.).

WORDS

120 3 66 137 87 37 180

91 57 10 141 130 31 147 188 84 41 156 122

143 12 6 117 2 20

107 95 133 1 168 54 144

170 5 65 72 18 115 86 164 138 167

123 4 93 105 52 108 71

110 154 15 25 9 126 78 177 96 62 151 90

61 139 39 27 176 36 17

166 149 175 26 135 67

106 171 51 129

13 24 42 121 160 155

70 104 63 92 150 85

99 89 35 32 8 134 77 40 46

169 109 187 82 124

34 19 88 113 159 98

111 101 142 55 146 153 76

73 112 44 33 97 131 29 172

119 75 103

64 69 181 184 50

11 125 174 59 81 140 56 28 94

179 49 118 185 7

116 53 80 145 21 102 128 162

178 38 83 16 30 161

152 68 43 47 183

163 14 74 48 22

132 60 100 127

45 23 157

114 58 173 148 186 79 158

182 165 136

The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

turns upon luck, or fate, good and evil. The attitude is one of fear; the ceremonies to induce good fortune and avoid evil are as varied and elaborate as the minds of men can devise. The end of ends is to influence the "dispositions" of the forces that be; what to us is "causology" is to the primitive mind "disposology"; the cause and effect notion, the sequence and relatedness of events moves in a different orbit in the primitive and the sophisticated mind. What to us is the animized supernatural is the heart and soul of his *Weltanschauung:* to find out how the world is disposed towards him and control it favorably.

The elaboration of this thesis, more richly documented than ever before, is the substance of this culminating work, completing the trilogy of which the other two members are "Primitive Mentality" and "The Soul of the Primitive." In addition to the development of the "disposition" psychology, the present volume emphasizes the purification rites when defilement has taken place, making good the violations of taboo. The whole forms a rich and well interpreted cyclopedia of primitive mentality. While in its details a book for the scholarly, the wide bearing of the thesis extends its appeal to the several orders of students and readers concerned with a knowledge of the primitive products of the human mind, whence aeons ago we sprang. Professor Lévy-Brühl has made a notable addition to cultural anthropology.

J. J.

Brief Mention

Recent biographies include a Life of *Henry Van Dyke*, in his day one of the most popular of American writers, by his son Tertius Van Dyke (Harper, $3.50), and an interesting pictorial history in woodcuts of *Benjamin Franklin*, by Charles Turzak, with a narrative text by Florence Turzak (Covici, Friede, $3). Also a book very useful for school reference libraries, *The Presidents in American History*, by Charles A. Beard (Julian Messner, $2). This is a series of pictures with a concise, critical historical sketch of each president. * * * More sermons by that powerful preacher Harry Emerson Fosdick are contained in *The Power to See It Through* (Harper's, $1.50). Another well known name is Walter B. Pitkin, whose *Take It Easy: The Art of Relaxation* (Simon & Schuster, $1.75) continues his series of advisory books. * * * The title of *Ideas in Motion* by Dixon Ryan Fox, President of Union College (Appleton-Century), exactly describes this series of brief essays on culture and civilization. The price is $1.25. * * * Readers who have boys at school may remember William O. Stevens's excellent guide book for young men called *The Correct Thing*. Like this book this new little volume, *The Right Thing, How to Be Decent Though Modern* (Dodd, Mead, $1.50), is sensible, humorous, penetrating, and acutely aware of the circumstances of modern youth. It is hard to say whether it is more important to the parent or the boy to read this little book.

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

sunk into merited oblivion and the tentative reader thereby spared the foolish expenditure of both time and money.

Sometimes, however, an especially alluring review or blurb beguiles me into breaking the rule, usually to my regret. Notable instances — Charles Morgan's "Fountain," and more recently "Of Time and the River." Alas! I'm sticking at "Of Time, etc." with dogged determination since it is my policy to finish a thing once it is begun. But I'm checking one up against professional reviewers.

MARY JONES FISHER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Ego Bows

SIR:—There will always be "something wrong with the critics" as long as there are "rugged individualists" to read them. . . . What have we the right to expect of a professional reviewer? Certainly that he be honest with himself and with us. That he be cautious in his judgments, restrained in his enthusiasms, humble in his conclusions, which after all can never be infallible. That he know and respect those proved standards of literary merit which from generation to generation mysteriously survive the vicissitudes of popular approval. That he be an astute, dispassionate observer of changing schools of literary thought, maintaining always a true perspective. And that his style of prose be wholly adequate to convey his thought.

Yet even if we are generously supplied with such paragons to guide us through the maze of printed matter, there is no reason why the right to review books should be jealously guarded by a homogeneous group.

With an unpredictable variety of contributors giving zest and individuality to what otherwise might become a collection of painstakingly stereotyped book reviews, the *Saturday Review* provides the most entertaining survey and analysis of contemporary literature that I know of. "Let us have more criticism and less chumminess," requests one correspondent. But Taine charges us to remember always that "behind the document there was a man." If we are to be human, how can we avoid being chummy now and then? I like to think with Taine that not only behind every book but also behind every book review, there is first, the man, and second, the critic.

And as for those of us whose attitude toward professional criticism is habitually hostile, may we not be suffering from an enforced inhibition rather than from faulty book reviews?

No critic of unquestionable renown,
I cannot damn a volume with my frown,
Or on the air disperse the thoughts I think
Or propagate my views in printer's ink.
A song of praise poured forth by such as I
Will never cause book sales to multiply.
I have opinions which none choose to hear.
Mine is the dudgeon of unheeded Lear.
My Ego bows before the proud reviewer,
Writhes long in mediocrity obscure,
Recalls the worm, and turns in paroxysm
To criticize the critic's criticism.

DORCAS RAY.

Louisville, Ky.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE note that in 1936 the Orange Judd Publishing Company will be 100 years old. Their new books include *The Cocker Spaniel* by Ella B. Moffit, *A Guide to Sexing Chicks* by Charles S. Gibbs, and *Wine Makers' Manual* by Peyton Boswell. ☞Of the latter it is alluringly said "The author has revealed every secret he employs at U. S. Winery No. 59 which will benefit the home wine-maker." ☞William Targ, 104 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, has issued the first number of his *Book Collector's Journal*. It is in tabloid newspaper format and is announced to appear monthly at $1 per year or 10c a copy. ☞We like the new catalogue from Orientalia (59 Bank Street, N. Y. C.) listing "Little Books That Will Neither Fill Nor Empty Your Pocket." Quercus always enjoys Orientalia's notes on works of Eastern philosophy and art. Suggested motto for such a catalogue, Pyramus's line *Now will I to the Chink* (Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V.). ☞David Moss has opened the Nonesuch Bookshop at 16 East 54, N. Y. C. ☞Sheed & Ward's catalogues (63 Fifth Avenue) are always sprightly. No writer on their list has had more vigorous praise than Christopher Dawson, whom Padraic Colum called the other day in this Review "The most exciting writer of our day." ☞Schuman's bookstore, 127 West Adams Avenue, Detroit, publishes a new story by Sean O'Faolain. It is called *The Born Genius* and is described as a short story "replete with a lyric quality"; 250 copies are available at $4.25 each, printed by the talented Peter Beilenson. ☞Jake Zeitlin, 614 West Sixth, Los Angeles, also has a good slogan on his latest catalogue: "Castles in Spain free with every purchase." ☞John S. Van E. Kohn has opened the Collectors' Bookshop at 37 West 47, N. Y. C., specializing in American firsts. His stock includes "a group of books from the library of a deceased eccentric of Connecticut, whose bizarre practice it was, during the past fifty years, to purchase books as published and wrap them in newspaper, severally and unread —not to be touched again until the executor of his estate commenced unpacking a few years ago."

☞Old Q. enjoys an announcement sent him by a printer friend in Chicago who became the father of a daughter:—

> SUZAN ELIZABETH, or *Life Begins at 6:05 a. m.* Evanston, Ill., October 22, 1935. Small, less than 1 mo. Good, clean copy. Weighs 7 lbs., 10 oz.
>
> First edition, privately issued.
>
> (The author collaborated with R. L. Brown in the first stages of this work.)
>
> Conventional form, size and layout. Author's imprint on face. Natural make-up. In two colors, white and pink. Rubbed, shaken, unfoxed. Star border. Self cover when first issued, later with white wrappers on usual parts. Remarkably fine map in front. Appendix included. Rare in this untrimmed state.

☞We were interested by the first issues of *American Prefaces*, a monthly magazine published by the literary and fine arts departments of the University of Iowa. Contributions are solicited from writers anywhere in the U. S.—"especially those under 30 years of age." Mr. T. S. Eliot contributed an article in which he remarked that "the poet must assume his role of moralist, and thus manifest his relation to society." ☞It would be well, too, if society should assume the role of poetry-readers.

☞James Whitall wrote a very charming book called *English Years*, describing the adventures and surprises of some young Americans who went to live in England long ago, before the War. ☞This book has the quality of naiveté, a pleasant translucent simplicity, which is rare; most of the boys are afraid of it. Mr. Whitall collaborated with George Moore in writing a novel about "Euphorion," the son George Moore said he grafted on the State of Texas. ☞Everyone always supposed that old George was simply boasting; and he wouldn't allow the book to be published. Now comes the Dallas *Morning News*, in a review by Sarah Chokla, says Euphorion actually exists.

☞The wonderful Folio Bible designed by Bruce Rogers and printed by Oxford University Press, is (says the title page) "Appointed to be Read in Churches." ☞We are reading it, however, a page or so at a time up at the bookshop of Mr. Philip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue, where a beautiful copy is on show. ☞Our idea of a real excitement would be to walk in, pay $265 cash, and stride (or stagger) off with it. ☞The prospectus of same, showing the title page and some samples of text, costs $2 and is itself a collectors' item.

☞We never hear anyone speak of those remarkable books by J. W. Dunne, *The Serial Universe* (which "involves the assurance of personal immortality") and *An Experiment with Time* which shows that in dreams men "remember" future events. ☞Compare that extraordinary experience (a reliving of scenes of the French Revolution) in *An Adventure*, by Moberly and Jourdain. This true and amazing seizure happened to two Englishwomen at Versailles; Quercus remembers the sensation it caused when published some 23 years ago; it has just been reissued (by Macmillan, we think).

Announcing . . .

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By ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

With an entirely new feature . . .

Readers of *The Saturday Review* will be interested, we think, to know that we have recently brought out a second book of *Double-Crostics*. This book is rather better than the first one. Not only has Mrs. Kingsley had more experience in constructing *Double-Crostics*—with the result that the puzzles themselves are actually better—but we have added a new physical feature which eliminates the purely mechanical and tedious work of filling in letters in the Definitions which you have found from filling in words in the diagram.

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